

BABE RUTH Part 2

Sports Illustrated

MARCH 25, 1974 60 CENTS

THIS TIME IT'S FOR KEEPS

UCLA vs. North Carolina State



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THE FOX BY AUDI

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We guarantee tomorrow today.

New York Life Insurance Company, 51 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022. 1 to: Health and Group Insurance, Annuities, Pension Plans.

Now, more than ever, you need an efficient, quiet central air conditioner. Now, more than ever, you need GE.



Efficiency Rating
9.8

In these days of power shortages, it's essential that your central air conditioner be efficient. And, of course, it has always been desirable that it perform quietly.

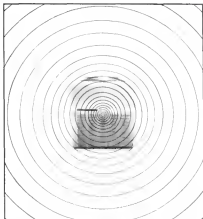
General Electric's *Executive* air conditioner is designed to do both. It is our most efficient unit and quietest outside of all our residential conditioning units.

In addition we offer a *Deluxe* and *Standard* line, each an excellent performer in its own price range.

The chart you see here shows the Energy Efficiency Ratio and Sound Rating Number of each unit. EER is a measure of energy output per unit of electricity used. The higher the EER number, the more efficient the unit.

SRN is a measure of the outside sound level of the unit while it is operating. The lower the SRN, the quieter the condensing unit.

All models have General Electric's exclusive Climatuff™ compressor and Spine Fin™ coils. Moreover, each is eligible for our General Electric Central Air Conditioner National Service Contract Plan.



Sound Rating
18

Your General Electric dealer can help you make a choice. He's in the Yellow Pages under "Air Conditioning Equipment and Systems."

EXECUTIVE				DELUXE				STANDARD			
EPR	Model	& Coil	SRN	EER	Model	& Coil	SRN	EER	Model	& Coil	SRN
9.3	TA 1000	AA 700A	17	8.1	TA 8000	AA 700A	18	7.1	TA 1000	AA 700A	19
9.3	TA 1000	AA 700B	18	8.6	TA 8000	AA 700B	18	7.3	TA 1000	AA 700B	19
9.8	TA 1000	AA 700C	18	8.1	TA 8000	AA 700C	18	7.2	TA 1000	AA 700C	19
				8.0	TA 8000	AA 700D	18	7.2	TA 1000	AA 700D	20
				8.0	TA 8000	AA 700E	19	7.2	TA 1000	AA 700E	20
				8.0	TA 8000	AA 700F	19				

EPR is data for electric split system air cooled condensing units with 10.1 horsepower RCU A/C listed in the January 1974 Air Conditioning & Refrigeration Contractors Directory.

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

TravelLogic^{#2}

A lot of great vacations are only one tank away.



Think back when you were a kid. You didn't have to go very far to have a good time.

The same thing is true today. Because a little less gas can still get you to a great vacation.

Here's how. Take a road map and circle the area within 250 miles of your home. Now, somewhere inside that circle is a spot you've been passing up for years and years, always meaning to visit.

This is your year. Write the Chamber of Commerce in that area. Or contact your travel agent. Ask about what's going on when you plan to visit. Then fill up the tank and head for a Travelodge. We're sure to be close to where you're going.

If you reserve ahead

by calling our 24-hour, toll-free number (800) 255-3050, we'll have your room

waiting. And our rates will save you some money, which really helps when vacation time comes along.

We even have a free booklet called TravelLogic, which tells you how to cope with the fuel shortage.

You can get one at any Travelodge. Or send us the coupon and we'll send you our booklet in time to help plan your vacation.

So get out your map. Draw that circle. And find that vacation you've been passing up all these years.



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El Cajon, California 92022

Please send me a complimentary copy of your TravelLogic booklet.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

TRAVELOGDE
2

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You'll find that nothing on the back
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can copy something on that nothing.

Just turn over your copies and run
them through again.

That nothing can save you paper.

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mailing costs.

Who ever thought nothing would
be so valuable?



If you think now is a bad time to buy a home, wait until next year.

Don't put it off.

If you want to know why, the fact is that the longer you wait the more that new home is probably going to cost. It's that simple.

Maybe people have advised you to wait for housing costs to drop. And for interest rates to relax.

Follow that advice, dear friend, and you could be wasting your money on rent for the rest of your life. Because the factors that determine the cost of housing—availability and demand—won't be going down. They haven't for 30 years, and there's no reason to believe they'll start dropping now.

What about the cost of money?

Let's face it. Right now, mortgage

rates are up. What the money market is going to be like a year from now or five years from now depends on which economist you talk to.

However, we can be pretty sure about three things:

1. A certain amount of inflation is going to be part of the economic picture. 5% per year for the next several years is the latest estimate. This means the dollars you use to pay off your mortgage will be "cheaper" dollars each year.
2. During the first several years of your mortgage, most of your payments represent interest. Interest charges are deductible from your Federal Income Tax. And if you don't think that helps out at income tax

time, talk to somebody who has a mortgage. He knows.

3. Finally, mortgage rates aren't likely to fall drastically. But if they do go down, increases in other areas (land, labor, materials) probably will offset most of the gain. Anyway, who's to stop you from renegotiating your mortgage should that happen.

A great time to go househunting.

One good thing, today it's a buyer's market. Not that nobody's looking. It's just taking a little longer to scrape together the down payment. So if you're in a position to do so, there's never been a better time to buy. Nor is there likely to be a better time in the near future.



Chicago Title Insurance Company

Headquarters, Chicago, Illinois 60602

Western Region, 3215 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, Calif. 90010

Member of the Lincoln National family of corporations

There was a Grand American who called his family together on July 4th, 1961.



He'd come from the old country with nothing but his honor, his pride, and an aptitude for hard work.

Now his family included railroad men, teachers, builders, businessmen, truck drivers, scientists, clerks, paperboys and mothers, young and old.

All shared his sense of honor, his sense of pride. All had his aptitude for hard work. All were good, honest Americans. Schenley was there that Fourth of July, part of the celebration.

It was the best doggone whiskey they could get then. And it still is.

It still has the classic smooth taste of Schenley, the unique honest flavor, the heritage of celebrated good times. And it's 100% American whiskey, the Grand American Whiskey.



Schenley

The Grand American
Whiskey.

We've shared some good times together. Let's share a few more.

Schenley Estate American Whiskey. A Blend, 50 Proof. © 1974 Schenley Distillers Company, New York, New York.

"Continental Bank was there when we needed them and they're wherever we want to go."



"Continental Bank came up with all the money we needed to put together our business including the necessary operating capital. And they did it in the fall of '69 when money was really tight." Speaking is Douglas K. Chapman, President of Acco International, Inc.

"They've just worked beautifully with us. Right from the start we had a close rapport with decision makers who had a surprisingly thorough knowledge of our business.

"It is this kind of relationship that continues to be a major factor in the success of our international expansion. Continental Bank not only serves us from a financial point of view, but also from an advisory point of view. They're virtually everywhere we do business or want to do business. Supplying us with tax saving devices, business contacts, reliable research work, economic studies and information about foreign trade customs. That's what I really call a positive approach to service."

If you need help with your company's growth plan, call Craig Carpenter at 312/828-8121 and see what profitable ideas he has for you.

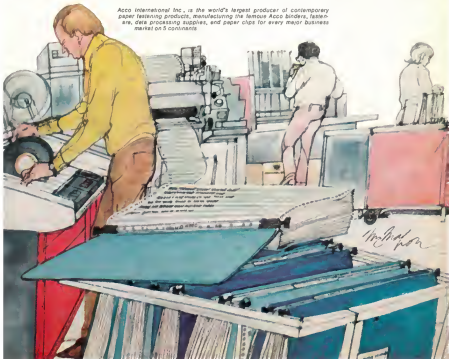


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Acco International Inc., is the world's largest producer of contemporary paper fastening products, manufacturing the famous Acco binders, fasteners, data processing supplies, and paper clips for every major business market on 5 continents.



What to expect besides a seat to California.

Expect a lot to L.A. and San Francisco. Like a choice of beef or another entree in Coach. Hot towels and chilled champagne in First Class. Plus sundaes and wines and cordials. And cocktails served from fifth. Expect the comfort and luxury of a big DC-10, or a wide-bodied 707. Flight attendants in brand new uniforms. Overhead luggage compartments. And stereo entertainment. Expect a seat on American. But don't expect to just sit in it for four hours.

Choose from three full meals (including roast beef) in First Class. Or two full meals in Coach.



On every American Airlines flight, the more passengers we have, the more flight attendants we'll have on board to serve you.



Enjoy the luxury and comfort of a DC-10 like this one. Or relax in a wide-bodied 707, remodeled to look and feel a lot like our larger planes.

On our DC-10's you can reserve the Table for Four in First Class. And enjoy roast beef carved to order right before your eyes.



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Next week

THE REMATCH between UCLA and N.C. State should settle the NCAA championship, though Marquette and Kansas may have other ideas. Curry Kirkpatrick reports.

THE RED SOX have a cast of thousands on the mound but, with Luis Aparicio not getting any younger, a host of questions out at shortstop. Pat Putnam looks for the answers.

IT WAS LOVE at first sight and big-time TV stations were begging Frank Deford to be their sports commentator. But at second sight... Tune in for a replay of the audition.

There's a lot of good
between "Winston..."

KING  SIZE

Winston

FIRST CLASS CIGARETTES

FULL RICH
TOBACCO FLAVOR

and should."

Winston tastes good GOOD, like a cigarette should.

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Sports Illustrated

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

"Dear SI,

I am proud to inform you that I am the manager of the world champion Ping-Pong ball popper. My client has popped a Ping-Pong ball 731 consecutive times while standing and also holds the sitting-down record, which is 253 times. We demand recognition for these outstanding feats."

Letters about outstanding feats by unknowns in sport come by the score each week to **FACES IN THE CROWD** (page 97). Few are as offbeat as the one described above, although staff members who have handled **FACTS** over the

years have a rich collection of favorites. Among them are a blueberry-pie-eating champion (14 in less than one hour), a marathon Bolo paddle whacker (nonstop for 84



been a candidate herself a few years back when she competed in the 18-and-under National Girls tennis championships. What Susie remembers best about the 1968 tournament was the impressive style of a 13-year-old named Chris Evert, although she admits, "I thought she was a great kid player but I never thought she'd amount to anything as a woman pro."

Susie's judgment has improved in the years since, but in picking **FACTS** she often finds her emotions stirred by letters from loving grandpas, proud coaches and humble teammates. Many

such letters include the request, "Please don't mention that I wrote this to you."

Most of the people who appear herein local heroes, big frogs in fairly small ponds, al-

though some now-famous stars of sport were once **FACES IN THE CROWD**: Arthur Ashe, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, Bob Beamon, Terry Bradshaw, Calvin Murphy, Jim McDaniels and, yes, Chris Evert, who made it while Susie Adams was still an undergraduate at the University of Pennsylvania. Then again, we turned down a running back from City College of San Francisco named O. J. Simpson.

But spotting people who someday will be big is not really what **FACTS** is about. It is for the unheralded competitor from next door who never gets but richly deserves recognition. For one writer the greatest satisfaction came in a letter from a youngster, painstakingly written in pencil on school notebook paper, which said, "Thank you very, very much for putting me in your **FACES IN THE CROWD**. I will never forget it as long as I live."

Sack me up

Most of the letters are not about pie eaters or grass cutters but about genuinely talented athletes who deserve recognition. Choosing six of them each week from the stack of nominations—during football and basketball seasons we receive more than 100 such letters a week—requires a cool, impartial eye. This is sometimes difficult to achieve. One SI writer took the letters home, read them to her husband and asked his opinion on which people she ought to select. He listened carefully and said they all should be included.

Obviously, there is no absolute standard, no set formula. We have had **FACES** from Pee Wee hockey to octogenarian track and field. In one issue we featured **ANIMALS IN THE CROWD**, which included a racing lobster who was eaten after his victory.

Currently selecting and writing **FACTS** (and **FOR THE RECORD**) is Reporter Susan Adams, who might well have



Our Green survived the torture test.

Green Lite[®] Service is our new system that helps you pick up your car faster and return it more conveniently. And we knew if there were any flaws, Don Rickles would be the guy to find them.

"You hotshots are asking for it," he snickered filling out the Green Lite Service application.



After we mailed Don his Green Lite Service identification card, he immediately called to put us to the test. He gave his identification number

and added with a sneer, "You want my shoe size, too?"

"No sir," replied our reservationist. "We've got all the information we need stored in our computer."

So when Don arrived at our counter he found his rental agreement filled out and waiting.

All he had to do was show his driver's license, authorized credit card and sign. "Just beginner's luck," he muttered.

The next day, Don returned the new GM car we rented him—late, of course. "I'm over an hour late," he said. "You gonna send me to bed without my supper?"

"No sir," replied our counter representative. "At most locations, our 26 hour check-in day gives you two extra hours to use the car."

[†] Available at participating locations. [®] On all U.S. rentals. Rent-a-car, in Europe, Africa and the Middle East it's

Lite Service world's toughest Don Rickles.

"Okay, where's the return line?" Don grumbled. "That should waste the rest of the day."

"In a hurry?" she asked pointing to our express check-in box. † "Any charge customer can just fill in the date, time, mileage and fuel gauge level on his rental folder. Then drop it in the box with the keys."

"Yeah, then how do I get my S&H Green Stamps *?" he demanded.

"I need a new rubber duck."

"They'll be mailed to you with your rental agreement," she answered.

"That's all there is to it?" Rickles asked with disbelief.

"That's it," she smiled.

"But... but..."

stammered Don.

National's Green Lite Service. It's so good it left Rickles speechless. Pick up an application at any National counter.



When it comes to service we mean business.

How much do you see when

Think about it for a moment, then read the paragraph below, from **THE WORLD OF VAN GOGH**.

Signs of Van Gogh's grief—and his fears—abound in this turbulently emotional work. The sky is a deep, angry blue that overpowers the two clouds on the horizon. The foreground is uncertain—an ill-defined crossroad. A dirt path seen in part in the foreground runs blindly off both sides of the canvas, a grass track curves into the wheat field only to disappear at a dead end. The wheat itself rises like an angry sea to contend with the stormy sky. Crows flapping over the tumult swarm toward the viewer. Even the perspective contributes to this effect; the horizon rolls relentlessly forward. In this picture Van Gogh painted what he must have felt—that the world was closing in on him and his roads of escape were blocked, with the land rising up and the sky glowering down. Created in the artist's deepest anxiety, the painting nevertheless reveals Van Gogh's power, his expressive use of color and firm sense of composition.

Now look at the painting again.

Don't you see more in it this time? Don't you feel the emotional impact in a way you didn't before? And don't you think you've learned something, not only about this work, but about *all* works of art? Chances are, you would now even be able to interpret the painting for a friend or a younger member of your family.

If only one paragraph can do so much for you, imagine the pleasures of the whole book. *The World of Van Gogh* shows you Van Gogh against the setting of his time and his contemporaries, offering profusely illustrated chapters on Gauguin and Toulouse-Lautrec, as well as examples of the work of Cézanne, Degus, Renoir, Monet, and others.

The World of Van Gogh is beautifully representative of all the volumes in the TIME-LIFE Library of Art. A richly illustrated series that brings right into your own home the best of 700 years of Western painting

and sculpture, the Library has been highly praised by critics all over the country. Focusing on the work and the world of artists such as Michelangelo, Goya, and Rembrandt, each volume is a splendid gallery, an invaluable reference book and a pleasurable way of increasing your appreciation of art.

To introduce you to the joys and advantages of the entire Library, *The World of Van Gogh* is offered to you for a free 10-day trial. With it, you receive a specially written 3,500-word essay on art history . . . plus a large, full-color chronology chart which lists 368 major Western artists. If you don't find *The World of Van Gogh* a delight in every respect, simply return it without obligation. Why not send for it today. Full details are on the postpaid order card. If card is missing, write to: TIME-LIFE BOOKS, Dept. 4104, Time & Life Building, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

Enjoy The World of Van Gogh for 10 days free
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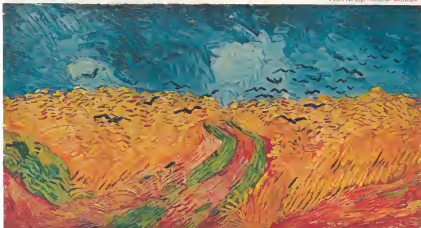
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Among the volumes:



you look at this painting?

Van Gogh Foundation, Amsterdam



Wheat Field With Crows, Antwerp, July 1890



Among
the volumes
in the
TIME-LIFE
Library of Art:

The World of Picasso
The World of Monet
The World of Rembrandt
The World of Michelangelo
The World of Leonardo
The World of Whistler

Painted all through his lifetime,
Van Gogh's many self-portraits
provide an illuminating
chronicle not only of his artistic
but his psychic evolution.

TIME
LIFE
BOOKS

Actual book size: 9" x 12".
Illustrated slipcase,
hard covers, 168 pages,
160 illustrations,
72 in full color



"Removes excess fiberglass"

"Corrects lie at toe or heel"



"Rounds off sharp tips"

"Smooths handle for comfort"

So Espo uses a Stanley Surform tool on his hockey stick. What's in it for you?

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STANLEY
helps you
do things right

Guess Dave Hill's card at Turnberry and we'll give you a chance to beat it at St. Andrews.

THE CONTEST

Dave Hill went to Scotland last year to play in the British open and shot a great round of 64.*

Fill in score on entry blank



Unfortunately, he shot it after the tournament was over. But Dave's bad luck can be your good fortune. All you have to do is figure, finagle, or find out just what Dave Hill carded on each of the back nine holes in that round. Then, fill out the attached score card and send it in. If your figures tally with the official score card, you have a chance for a 7 day golf vacation for two.

TO THE VICTORS

There will be 8 winners in our contest. If you're one, you and a partner (golf, marriage, et. al.) of your choice will be flown off to seven days of play

mention seven nights at some of the most chic hotels and restaurants in Scotland where you'll be royally entertained at our expense.

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All overseas air transportation provided by British Airways.

WHO'S RUNNING THINGS

The contest is sponsored by William Grant & Sons. Makers of Grant's 8 Year Old Scotch, and Grant's Royal 12 Year Old Scotch.



Gleneagles

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St Andrews

at three of the world's classic golf courses. St. Andrews, Gleneagles, and Turnberry... not to

We are telling you this so while you await the outcome, you can find enjoyment with a glass of Grant's Scotch.

OFFICIAL RULES: 1. No Purchase Necessary—Enter as many times as you wish using the free entry blank or Grant's 8 Scalers to make your own using the same score card layout placed on the official entry blank. Include only one entry blank in each envelope submitted. Only one winner will be awarded to a single family.

2. Eligibility—This event is open to all adult residents of Connecticut, District of Columbia, Florida, Illinois, Maryland, and New York, except employees of William Grant & Sons Inc., its affiliated and subsidiary companies, liquor wholesalers and retailers, its advertising agencies, its sweepstakes organizations, its suppliers and manufacturers of Grant's 8 Golf Vacation in Scotland, vacation materials and services (and the families of the foregoing).

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Actual round played at Turnberry's Ards Course, June 17, 1973

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A Las Vegas Convention Authority Advertisement

SCORECARD

Edited by ANDREW CRICHTON

BOY, MEET GIRL

Little League baseball, engulfed in the war between the sexes, is fighting in a losing cause and, sorry to say, failing to recognize the fact.

In New Jersey, one of the latest battlegrounds, leaders of 19 Little League districts with 150,000 players announced they would suspend play until either the legislature or the courts assured them that their games could go on with the only girls present safely encoined in the stands, dutifully cheering on the boys. The New Jerseyites and the national organization in Williamsport, Pa. claim, among other reasons for wanting to keep the girls out, that they are a private enterprise and not subject to the ground rules for public groups erected after a long series of judicial decisions. In other words, it is their ball and if the rest don't play by their rules they are going to take the ball and go home.

Georgia's Lester Maddox had a similar solution when he refused a court order to integrate his Pickwick restaurant. He closed it. But integration did come to Atlanta, as it did to the rest of the country, and now in the new revolution—the women's—each day brings news of additional successes. Women are running on men's track teams, competing on their swim and tennis teams and one is even a regular on a championship volleyball team.

To a predictable Little League objection—that there is too much danger of girls being seriously injured—we offer the reaction of one sixth-grade teacher when informed that the boys and their dads wanted to keep the game half national. "They should," she said with only a trace of sarcasm. "Girls of that age are too big for the boys."

TAKEN FOR A RIDE

A quartet of hotdog skiers landed at Boston's Logan International Airport and airily hailed a taxi. Where to? Why, Waterville, said Fuzzy and Ernst Garhamsmer of Munich, Frenchman Henri Au-

thier and Swiss Paterlini Meschino. They were headed for the Eastern Hotdog Championships in Waterville Valley, N.H. The driver took them to Waterville, Maine, where there are no mountains. When they finally straightened that out, the driver turned west and eventually deposited the four in the right Waterville. He thought \$300 would about cover the tour. "We talked him out of \$100," Ernst said later while the others stood around giggling. "We're all so embarrassed we don't even like to talk about it."

STICK TO AUTOMATIC

The question may rapidly become academic but, in case you have wondered, it is more relaxing and safer to drive a car with automatic transmission than one with four on the floor. Tests made in Britain on identical twins showed that in heavy traffic their pulse rates in the manually operated auto sometimes shot up to 150 beats per minute—a dangerous level for people with heart trouble.

Twist On A Twist

Thought you had it with the cute names? The Macon Whoopees, the Brussels Sprouts, the Havana Cigars and the Hershey Bars? Well, there is a new game based on the latest fad of christening teams in the singular, like the Dallas Tornado, the Chicago Fire, the Southern California Sun and the Philadelphia Bell. The possibilities, you will quickly note, are almost as endless as the parade of rock combos that may have inspired all this.

Just to get into the swing of the thing: the Tijuana Jail, the Charlotte Brontë, the Mobile Home, the Cleveland Amory, the Montgomery Ward, the St. Louis Woman, the Florence Nightingale, the Alexandria Quartet, the Jackson Five (a basketball team, of course).

Or maybe the Johnstown Flood, the Tokyo Rose, the Berlin Wall, the London Fog, the Watts Riot, the Vienna Waltz, the Austin-Healey, the Ogden Nash and the Sydney Greenstreet.

But wait, this is only the half of it. What do you call a member of one of these teams? Not a Fire. How about a Tongue or a Spark? Members of the Sun, for sure, would be Beams, the Bell, Dingalings, and the Tornado, Gusts. So take it away Sioux City Sue (players will be called Sutors), Bombay Gun (Hotshots) and New Delhi Catesen (Salamis). The Flaming John and the Bath Room will have to provide for themselves. Modesty forbids.

FOR THE BIRDS

The birds aren't attacking humans yet, as they did in the eerie Alfred Hitchcock tinger of a decade ago, but for dogs and cows the place not to be these days is Graceham, Md. The tiny village is the unhappy focus of this year's annual roost of some 10 million starlings, grackles and blackbirds.

"Our dog Herman shakes when they fly by," says Mrs. Clare Myers, whose house adjoins the 60-acre white-pine forest that currently serves as headquarters for the invaders. "They go into his doghouse, chase him out and eat his food."



They also dive-bomb cattle at their feed troughs and rip open seedbags.

The outraged citizenry has responded with the usual counternuisance—explosives, loud noises, shotguns—but one suggestion from an unknown hero ranks right in there with that of the genius who developed the defense against the pigeon population—scaring them away with

crashland

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SCORECARD

strategically placed toy snakes, sometimes coiled as though ready to strike. The Gracemah solution? Put 10,000 starving cats out in the woods.

WHAT THE MAN SAID

It was not the sort of ringing declaration that will go down in history like, say, "Fire when ready, Gridley," but Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn did seem to say that he wanted Henry Aaron to play at least two-thirds of the time in Cincinnati. Speaking right out, Kuhn said (italics ours): "I have had a number of discussions with Bill Bartholomay about his February announcement regarding Henry Aaron. Although he has advanced some substantial arguments in support of his announcement, he has not been able to persuade me that the procedure he wishes to follow is good for baseball. As a result, I have advised him I am disapproving the announcement and that, barring disability, I will expect the Braves to use Henry Aaron in the opening series in Cincinnati, in accordance with the pattern of his use in 1973 when he started approximately two of every three Braves games."

Now, that is an order! It is, isn't it?

NEARER THY GOAL TO THEE

Football recruiters in the Southwest, famed for their ingenuity, have found a bonanza in the energy crisis, all at the expense of Texas Tech.

Even in an oil-rich state, Tech has the disadvantage of its location, which is at Lubbock, on remote, windswept plains hundreds of miles from any major city. Coaches from rival schools are telling parents of recruits that if their boys opt for Lubbock, the parents might never get to see them play. The tactic, Tech people report sadly, has already worked in a couple of cases.

DUTCH TREAT

On Netherlands television not long ago a native who prefers to remain anonymous told a story more weird than any in the 153-year history of Britain's Epsom Derby.

Anon. said he was walking with a friend past Duindigt racecourse in Holland when he heard a loudspeaker barking out announcements. There was no racing that day and the surprised strollers stopped to listen.

"Here are the runners for the 1976 Derby," said a voice, and it went on to

list the names of the entries two years hence. A mistiness hauntingly reminiscent of Hermann Hesse's *Steppenwolf* pervaded the Dutch track, and through it the two men saw jockey's caps. Then they "heard" the results: first, second and third. The winner was a 395-to-1 shot. Three other races followed.

Though not thoroughbred men, the extrasensory perceivers made inquiries about which horses were already registered in England for the 1976 Derby. One of them, sensing a coup for the couple, went to London and hired a solicitor who agreed to negotiate a futures bet in the greatest secrecy, provided he was allowed to put a few pounds on the 395-to-1 shot himself. Whether or not English bookmakers smell a spook and refuse wagers when the action gets going, "Phantom"—whoever he is—will never go off at 395 to 1. We can hardly wait for the results of the Spirit of '76.

THREE KING PINS

Bowlers, according to the old stereotype were phlegmatic endomorphs who passively rolled for strikes and retired to the bar for a drink. Partly through publicity, partly through exposure on TV and partly through the national tour with its intense competition for big-money prizes, a new image has arisen of driven people who nervously stalk the backs of alleys and calibrate their next toss in millimeters. Well, today's pros are not all that wrought up, but they do look for an edge and suffer the tortures of the damned when they lose it.

Don Carter, for instance, says that at 46 and after his third knee operation in 15 years he is testing and holding before he decides whether to enter the American Bowling Congress' Masters tournament next month. "People think that because bowling is not a contact sport you don't have to stay in shape," he says, "but pros will bowl 80 games a week. If your legs aren't in good condition, that throws off the timing and your game is shot. It's all in the legs. Whether I bowl depends upon how practice goes."

Practice goes swimmingly for Billy Hardwick. With Carter and Dick Weber, he is rated among the best ever in the sport, and on the friendly lanes of his home turf in Louisville he has achieved an astonishing 222 average. But from a high of \$64,160 in prize earnings in 1969 his income has slipped to the middle four figures and he is not about to raise it in

CRABAPPLE

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clean... and down right fun you'd
have riding a

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SCORECARD continued

championship competition. His troubles, some arthritis and those millimeters. In his winning days Hardwick took well-publicized advantage of the smooth left-hand side of the lanes—only 18% of tour bowlers are southpaws—and created his own angles outside of the track used by righthanders. But when lefties started dominating tournaments, the Professional Bowlers Association equalized the lanes and took away their exclusive angle—and some of Hardwick's money.

John McKillen depends upon blinders rather than angles and says that despite the inevitable neighs and whinnies, he has improved his game measurably. A chemical engineer for Chrysler, McKillen attaches side shields to his glasses and for six years now has been joyously oblivious of distractions as he comes up to the line. Concentrating with a vengeance this month in the American Bowling Congress Tournament in Indianapolis, he finished with a 642 series in singles for a nine-game all-events total of 1,731.

BOOMERANG BALL

The cowhide came off that so-called voodoo ball made in Haiti (SE, Aug. 27) in an exhibition game between the Mets and the Red Sox. But that was not what gave Chuh Leehey, whose presidential signature is on the official National League ball, the wilies. Out of approximately 50 cars parked in the executive parking lot at another spring game—in Scottsdale, Ariz., between the Cubs and the Padres—an errant ball with his name on it shattered his windshield. That's what gave Chuh the wilies.

THEY SAID IT

- Brooks Robinson, on spring training: "This is my best time of the year. Heck, once the season starts, I go to work."
- Gene Sarazen, now 72, asked which was the greater thrill, his double eagle in the Masters or his televised hole in one last summer in the British Open: "Neither. Getting my first Social Security check."
- Johnny Orr, Michigan basketball coach: "Don Canham's the best athletic director in the country. He just extended my contract from 30 days to a year. With Canham, that's tenure."
- Lou Brock, St. Louis Cardinal outfielder: "When I was a kid, I used to imagine animals running under my bed. I told my dad, and he solved the problem quickly. He cut the legs off the bed." **END**

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A DYNASTY IMPERILED

Magnificence is becoming a memory as the Montreal Canadiens find themselves besieged by fans and foes

by MARK MULVOY

It is one of Henri Richard's very old tricks, reserved for those rare moments when the great dynasty of the Montreal Canadiens seems ready to crumble—to make a dramatic, Gallic gesture. Richard, the proud captain of the Canadiens and the last link with their glorious past, waits for the darkest hour, then boldly speaks out in the mother tongue. The Canadiens hear him—indeed, three million fanatical French Canadians hear him—and the dynasty somehow survives.

One year, when the Canadiens were in immediate danger of losing the Stanley Cup to the Chicago Black Hawks, the volatile Richard purposely called Al MacNeil "the worst coach I have ever played for." A week later Richard and MacNeil jointly hoisted the cup after Henri's goal beat the Black Hawks in the final game. Last season the Canadiens won another cup after Richard personally settled a dressing-room squabble by telling a disrespectful young teammate to keep his mouth shut and then slapping him across the face Godfather-style. And so it was that Richard, a man with a perfect record in the amateur psychology league, felt compelled to reach for his rhetoric again a fortnight ago after the Canadiens had been humiliated 6-0 by the Philadelphia Flyers and 9-2 by the New York Rangers in successive games. "Notre fierté est perdue dans les égouts," Richard said. "Our pride has gone down the drain."

Richard fully expected that his harsh words would have their usual impact on the Canadiens, and to make certain that none of his teammates thought he had been misquoted

continued

Montreal self-esteem suffers in moments like this that come all too often: Murray Wilson is decked in the loss to Chicago.





ed, he repeated the statement when the team met at his tavern on Park Street on Montreal's West Side.

In their next game, a return match with the Rangers, the Canadiens did respond to Richard—and the constant jeering of their suddenly hostile Forum fans—by summing up enough pride to come from behind and win 4-2.

"I think that I said the right thing at the right time," Richard commented afterward.

Maybe he did, but last Saturday night Richard was practically speechless after the Canadiens left the Forum ice to a chorus of boos and a hail of benches following a bitter 3-1 loss to the Black Hawks. "Our pride has gone down the drain," said Richard, staring at the dressing-room floor. "These guys, they are not working like the Canadiens should work. We are playing like a bunch of chickens with our heads cut off."

What happened to the Canadiens last week was an instant replay of much that has happened to them this season. Last year, like Canadiens of old, they finished first in the East and won the cup, but now they are drifting aimlessly in second place, some 14 points behind the Boston Bruins in a tight race with the Rangers. They already have lost 20 games, twice as many as all last season, and their record at the Forum is a dismal 21-10-3. With Ken Dryden now clerking for a Toronto law firm, the goalkeeping has been wildly erratic, and the 1973-74 Canadiens will enter the record books as the worst defensive team in Montreal history. General Manager Sam Pollock had foolishly believed that Wayne Thomas, Michel Plasse and Bunney Larocque, veterans of a grand total of 28 games in the National Hockey League, could provide the Canadiens with Dryden-like performances.

Besides the troubles in goal, Montreal has been plagued by injuries to defensemen—the regulars have been together for fewer than 20 games—a lack of muscle among the forwards and a new and curious style of attack that might be called backmaning. The real Canadiens always headmanned the puck to the lead skater—they constantly advanced. The 1974 Canadiens backman the puck to trailing skaters and spend the night going offside.

These negative factors have combined to produce humiliating defeats by such scores as 9-2, 8-4 and 6-0 on the road and 8-0 and 5-0 at the once-friendly Fo-

rum. There is a chill in relations between the players and the *Quebecois* and in recent weeks some French-Canadian journalists have even suggested that readers "Abstenez-vous d'aller au Forum"—stay away from the Forum. One writer had the audacity to call a Canadian effort "mauvaisiste"—a dishonest spectacle. Another wrote, "How many people would pay \$9.50 to see the hockey of 1974 if they could buy the days of [Howie] Morenz and [Aurel] Joliat?" Astoundingly, the Canadiens' prestige has dropped so low that a recent poll conducted by the *Montreal Gazette*, the English-language morning paper, revealed that baseball's Expos have replaced the Canadiens as the darlings of the city. "Given the option of season tickets," the *Gazette* poll asked, "would you prefer the Alouettes [football], the Canadiens or the Expos?" The response was 503 for the Expos, 338 for the Canadiens and 159 for the Alouettes. The results stunned Forum officials. "I would have thought we'd have beaten both of the other teams combined," said one.

Not surprisingly, the people with the reddest faces—but also the fattest wallets—in Montreal are the Canadiens themselves. "It's tough on us, honestly," says Peter Mahovlich, the gangling, 6'5" center who has recently emerged as an on-ice leader. "The people in Montreal live or die with us—and now they're dying. Most people buy two or three of the French papers and one of the two English papers. If they want, they can read five different opinions about each hockey game. The writers have to be different in order to sell papers. I don't blame them, really, but that way we're never right no matter what we do. We're right in one paper, wrong in another."

Richard, characteristically, is more severe: "Too often we look like an expansion team. It is fortunate for us that Washington and Kansas City will be coming into the league next year. Maybe then we will have a chance to win some games. Tell me, what happened to hard work? Where is it? I do not see it on the ice with the Canadiens. Look at Philadelphia. They work harder than any team in hockey, and look where they are: first place. The trouble in Montreal is these guys know if they do not play for the Canadiens they can play somewhere else in the league and still make big money. It is sad, I tell you."

When Defenseman Serge Savard is-

ters to Richard, he loses his cool. "Henri shouldn't talk that way," Savard says. "He says big money has ruined us, that it has taken away our desire to work and our desire to win. Let me tell you, Henri plays for big money, too. Henri has got to realize that everything has changed. I don't ask my kids to be like me. He should not ask us to be the way he is."

But the defeats weigh heavily on Savard: "One night we lost to the New York Islanders. If I played for the California Golden Seals, I would not have felt worse than I did in New York."

Richard says, "A good part of the pride I'm talking about is not quitting when you get behind in a game. This year our guys get behind by a couple of goals and then they quit, no doubt about it."

Savard shakes his head in disagreement. "Look at the Rangers," he says. "When they beat us 9-2, their millionaire line [Jean Ratelle, Vic Hadfield, Rod Gilbert] scored three or four goals. After the game nobody said anything about their pride or their money. But when they lost to us three nights later, there it was again: they had no pride. I'm sorry, but I don't go along with the argument. You can have all the pride in the world but if you do not get any breaks then you will lose the game."

After defeating the Rangers in Montreal, the Canadiens flew to Pittsburgh and beat the Penguins 5-4, but they

Peter Mahovlich (23) declines to be a heavy.



would prefer to forget that game. The re-modeled Penguins outshot the Canadiens by the amazing margin of 57-18—the most one-sided bombardment anyone from Montreal can remember—and, worse yet, beat them physically without any apparent resistance. On one play Pittsburgh's Battleship Kelly chopped down Claude Larose with a two-handed swipe that broke Larose's ankle. Dad any Canadian, in the tradition of hard-nosed John Ferguson, discuss the matter with Mr. Kelly? Not one. They all copped a plea, insisting they never saw Kelly's stick hit Larose. But they all saw it clearly enough to protest to the referee that Kelly should get a five-minute penalty for a deliberate attempt to injure, not just the standard two minutes.

All season long opponents have man-handled the Canadiens without fear of retaliation. One night Boston's Don Marcotte ran over Goaltender Plasse, another night Pittsburgh's Steve Darboano repeatedly elbowed and high-sticked Richard, and in every game with Philadelphia the Flyers' Dave Shultz, Bob Kelly and friends have molested the Canadiens. Ferguson watched Montreal take a mauling one night and said disgustedly, "Any former Canadian who saw that game must have died a million deaths." He suggested that Peter Mahovlich become the team's enforcer. "Not me," Mahovlich said. "The role of re-

tribution is rough. I do play better when there's a lot of body contact in a game, but I don't want to play the role of enforcer or intimidator."

Nor does Serge Savard. "I don't have the killer instinct," he says. "None of us do. I really don't understand the fighting anyway. Fighting should not be the name of the game, but that's how they promote it. The league promotes fighting on one hand, then fines us for fighting on the other. Now people talk more about Dave Shultz than Bobby Orr. They make big heroes of the fighters. We all should have learned a lesson from the games against the Russians. They don't fight. They play hockey."

Before last Wednesday's game with the Black Hawks, Montreal Coach Scotty Bowman passed out slips of paper to all his players. On each slip was the time of an appointment. All day long Bowman met the Canadiens—some individually, others in small groups. "These next two games against Chicago will tell me all I want to know about my team," Bowman said. "I have laid it on the line. The trouble with this club is that we have a lot of guys who have enjoyed nothing but success, and maybe it has spoiled them. I get the impression they all feel that things will fall into place at the right time, regardless of what they do themselves."

Bowman talked toughest to Jacques Lemaire and Yvan Cournoyer, particu-

larly Lemaire, who has become known as *Le Perruque*—The Hairpiece—because he wears one. Last season at this time Lemaire had an efficiency rating of plus 53; that is, while he was on the ice Montreal scored 53 more goals than the opposition. At present his rating is a sorry plus 4. While Lemaire tends to blame his poor play (44 goals last year, only 23 so far this season) on a shoulder separation that forced him from the lineup for 10 games, Bowman says, "Injuries aren't responsible for that plus-4 rating. Lemaire was a great player because he worked hard. Now he no longer does."

Lemaire normally centers a line with Cournoyer on the right wing, and when they are skating effectively they are masters of the headman play. These days they are not effective, one reason, some Montrealers insist, is that they are feuding over a hockey school they own.

It took a goal by Richard with 50 seconds remaining in Wednesday's game to gain a 3-3 tie with the Black Hawks, who had gotten their own scores on plays that were flagrantly offside. Back at the Forum on Saturday night, the Black Hawks needed no favors, dominating the game all the way in their 3-1 victory. The dynasty of Morenz and Joliat, Maurice Richard and Doug Harvey, Jean Beliveau and Bernie Geoffrion seemingly had reached a point where talk of pride just wouldn't work anymore. **END**

Goalie Wayne Thomas is not another Ken Dryden, and Captain Henri Richard (66), here chasing Phil Russell, finds a paucity of goals.



Let us forget about occult theory and whether the Milky Way is in its proper alignment. Let us not speak of what might have been or what could be, with a lot of silly ifs in between. But let us, as the really in-crowd likes to bray, get right down to that funky stuff and tell it like it is. The question, America, is the one that has put schools on probation, broken the hearts of lithe cheerleaders, moved back the hairlines of baffled coaches and threatened to take the fun out of college basketball. Is there anyone out there man enough, big and bad enough, to throw UCLA off the mountain?

For this is the Era of the Bruins, a spell during which college basketball has hummed along to the rhythm of California Winnin' and thrived on the homilies of that little old man in tennis shoes, John Wooden. Whether it will be his farewell appearance this week, only the Wizard knows. Bill Walton is graduating and there is speculation that Wooden will graduate with him, trading in his rolled up program for a lounge chair plumped with the cushions of a fat pension and happy memories.

DOWN AND OUT, BACK UP AND READY

David Thompson hit the floor with a crash that shook N.C. State hopes, but now the Wolfpack is back for the long-awaited rematch with UCLA, while Marquette and Kansas meet in a prelim **by BARRY McDERMOTT**

But before any of that, he will be in Greensboro over the weekend for the NCAA finals as the Bruins seek their eighth straight championship and their 10th in 11 years. This time he will find a more formidable trio of challengers, teams with animosity in their hearts and glory on their minds, and for once UCLA must be chary and vigilant. North Carolina State, Marquette and Kansas all have the rudimentary skill and talent to take the bluster out of the preening Bruins. This will be no beauty contest.

No one makes it to the final round on a wing and a prayer. These teams have outstanding big men in the middle, a

sprinkling of superstars and clever coaches. Of the three, North Carolina State is the best, ranked No. 1 and playing on familiar turf. Marquette's defense can turn opposition hands to stone, while Kansas has tradition behind a young team that has come to peak efficiency at just the right moment. UCLA is, of course, a champion, perhaps not quite as consistent as some Bruin teams of the past but a winner nonetheless.

This final round has a tough act to follow. The regionals last week were a weird mélange of humor, pathos and the absurd. David Thompson tried to imitate a Nike missile while North Car-

During the hashed minutes while the malloless Thompson was attended by doctors, it seemed he would be through for the year, or more.



olina State bombed two opponents. UCLA continued its schizo routine, turning in an uneven performance against Dayton and an overwhelming one against San Francisco. Notre Dame was freaked out by a Campy solo, Marquette finally got its *Soul Train* together and Kansas won while people were talking about whether you can drink and still coach.

And so we have N.C. State against UCLA in one semifinal Saturday afternoon, Bill Walton on Tom Burleson (see cover), Keith Walkes on David Thompson, and not a plow will be turning across North Carolina. State was undefeated last year but was on probation and ineligible for the tournament. This season the Wolfpack lost once—to UCLA in St. Louis—a defeat that now means just about as much as a loss in exhibition baseball. That was early in the year, before the team had assimilated new talents and discovered just how marvelous a machine it could be. John Wooden does not look at it that way. "I want North Carolina State to remember that we beat them by 18 points on a neutral court," he said after the Bruins won the Western Regional. "I want them to think about who has the psychological advantage." Looking for even more advantages, Wooden dispatched Assistant Coach Frank Arnold to scout State in the Eastern Regional in Raleigh.

It was there that a terrifying scene took place. Thompson was racing downcourt midway in the first half of the game against Pittsburgh. He left his feet near the foul line in his normal jet-assisted takeoff, soaring three or four feet into the air. Unfortunately he was not cleared for landing. His legs tangled around teammate Phil Spence and he cartwheeled wildly. When his head hit the floor it sounded as if a bowling ball had fallen off the top of the backboard. It was first suspected that Thompson surely had fractured bones in his neck, and members of Maurice Stokes turned stomachs queasy. Said North Carolina State Coach Norm Sloan, "I was numb. I wished I wasn't even associated with this team or this game."

A giant wave of anticipatory noise had risen from the crowd as Thompson went up to block the shot, but when he fell it stopped as though someone had disconnected a speaker wire somewhere. There was an immediate P.A. announcement—"the injured player is David Thomp-



But after a trip to the hospital, a bandaged Thompson returned to a standing ovation.

son"—and absolutely not a sound could be heard as two doctors and a nurse hovered over him. After almost 10 minutes he was wheeled off in a stretcher.

The initial report from the hospital was that Thompson was being examined by a neurosurgeon but that he was conscious despite severe lacerations. But then good news filtered back. Sounding like The Gipper, Thompson had whispered to the doctors, "Tell the team to win." X rays showed no serious injuries. Finally, Thompson walked back into the arena, his head swathed in a white bandage that made him look like the life player in *The Spirit of '76*. "It always does the public good to see a guy get up," said one of the doctors who was wearing a red Wolfpack blazer.

The injured player watched as his emotional teammates stripped the Cinderella disguise off Pittsburgh, winning 100-72. Then Thompson returned to the hospital for more examinations. His only wound was a nasty scalp cut that required 15 stitches. Back out of the hospital Sunday afternoon, he joked with his teammates over lunch. They kidded him because so many people from all over

North Carolina had called and offered to pay his hospital bills.

"He is ready to resume practice whenever he is equal to it," said Dr. A. E. Harer, the team physician, somewhat enigmatically. Then he added, "To have a blow knock him out for four minutes and not even leave him with so much as a headache is remarkable."

North Carolina State has revenge on its mind. Team leader Monte Towe says he felt "humiliated" by the early UCLA loss. Thompson was embarrassed by Wilkes in that game, but does not feel it was a true test. "We are the best team in the country," he said. "We love each other as people and we respect each other as ballplayers."

The team certainly looks worthy of Norm Sloan's wardrobe. The coach bought a tie decorated with small No. 1's after the Wolfpack moved into the top spot in the ratings. His club throttled a very good Providence team 92-78 Thursday night before a frantic crowd that Sloan said included only 750 student ticket-holders. Providence Coach Dave Gavitt later had the urge to drip sarcasm on Sloan. "There's this Biblical story

continued

about a fella who made a loaf of bread and a couple of fish go a long way," he said, "but, man, State sure did a hell of a job with those 750 tickets."

Meanwhile, UCLA got more reprieves than a cat in its 111-100 triple overtime victory over hot-shooting Dayton in the Western Regional. The Flyers' Donald Smith found himself staring the Bruin myth squarely in the eye with four seconds left in regulation time and the score tied, but he blinked and his jump shot missed. In the next two overtimes Dayton had few chances at victory and by overtime III the Bruins decided enough was enough.

Dayton had its heroes. Mike Sylvester scored 36 points for the Flyers, and some of his shots were so implausible that they had the UCLA bench, Wooden included, laughing in amazement.

The tendency is to put the Bruins on the coach to find answers for their losses to Notre Dame, Oregon State and Oregon, and for exhibitions like the one against Dayton. The team is into vegetables, beads, meditation and telling the



Most of the Kansas team is airborne as Norman Cook clutches a rebound against Greg Roberts.



coach how to run his show. Wooden wants the ball to go inside to Walton, Wilkes or Dave Meyers but then the rest of the team tends to stand around. They shun the outside shot and are leery of making mistakes that could consign them to the bench. But even if there are a few problems on the production line, UCLA is still the General Motors of basketball.

The team was so unfazed by the Dayton scare that the players frolicked around their motel pool the next morning. Greg Lee and Walton sat back to back, meditating, for 30 minutes. A pair of Bruins played tennis nearby. Later a bunch of them, including Walton, amused themselves by diving into the pool for pennies. "Isn't this Tucson weather terrific?" someone asked Assistant Coach Gary Cunningham. "Yes," he answered, "but I don't know if it's conducive to basketball."

Stunned, meditated, full of organic food and jingling their pennies, the Bruins destroyed hapless San Francisco 83-60 in the regional title game, commit-

ting only 10 fouls and seven turnovers.

The week's big loser was third-ranked Notre Dame in the first round of the Midwest in Tuscaloosa. Whether the Irish took Michigan too lightly only their team psychiatrist can say, but they appeared somnolent early on, falling behind 28-8 as 6'8" Campy Russell put in all kinds of inside stuff while his fellow forward, 6'2" Wayman Britt, popped away outside.

Notre Dame did rally for a 54-52 second-half lead, and Irish eyes were smiling. But not for long. Faster than you could say Campanella Russell, All-America, he hit a series of shots that took the breath out of the crowd and the fight out of the Irish. Michigan walked home with a 77-68 victory that did not surprise its players.

Russell, Britt and Notre Dame's John Shumate had talked things over the night before the game, and Britt had warned Shumate about overconfidence. "I don't think he listened to me," said Britt, who held star freshman Adrian Dantley to a measly two points and at one juncture growled at the frustrated player, "C'mon, do something." But Dantley

Bo Ellis, Marquette's star, passes the ball by Campy Russell, his Michigan counterpart.



couldn't. "My legs felt like log cabins," he said later.

Since emotional Al McGuire has coached Marquette, the Warriors had never gotten out of the NCAA regionals. But everywhere the team looked its players found portents of better things, including Tuscaloosa's Black Warrior River and a pub called Ireland's. Notre Dame's loss did not hurt, either.

Marquette frittered away an early lead and appeared tight against Vanderbilt, perhaps because of an antagonistic crowd that reacted wildly to McGuire's sideline show. But the Warriors went on to win 69-61. McGuire kept running his fingers through his wild *American Graffiti* hairdo in the final against Michigan, upset by the officiating as much as by his team. Finally he exploded and was charged with two quick technical fouls. The delighted crowd broke into derisive song, but McGuire had the last chuckle. His team guarded Russell as if he were a gas pump, took a 63-62 lead on reserve Rick Campbell's three-point play and assist, and after a brief tie went ahead for good on freshman Bo Ellis' 10-foot jumper. Said a giddy McGuire following the

72-70 victory, "If I had seen Bo play this well before I would've given him more money."

There were fireworks at Tulsa where Kansas won the Midwest but was thrust into the background by the remarkable events that surrounded Oral Roberts University and its lame-duck coach, Ken Trickey. In midseason, after he and school president Oral Roberts bickered over basketball doctrine, Trickey said he would resign, then coached his team into an NCAA at-large bid. But after beating Louisville 96-93 Thursday night, he was stopped by a state trooper who found something on his breath besides the sweet smell of success and arrested him for drunken driving. To Oral Roberts this is akin to moral turpitude. President Roberts suspended the coach, then prayed with him and decided every sinner should have the chance for redemption. He reinstated Trickey for the Saturday final against Kansas. "Ken told me he thought God wanted him to coach," said Roberts, adding that if any of his religious followers had any doubts, they should contact him and he would show them the light.

With only 2:50 to go against Kansas, it appeared as if Trickey was out of the fire. His team had an 81-74 lead. But instead of slowing to a canter, Oral Roberts kept right on galloping. Ninety seconds later Kansas had tied it. The Jayhawks went on to win 93-90 in overtime. "We expected a miracle, and we got it," said Kansas Forward Roger Morningstar, who sounded as if he was on the wrong team.

After the game the now former Oral Roberts coach offered an interesting thought on why Kansas won. "It's because of tradition," he said. "Even North Carolina State and UCLA can't touch the tradition of Kansas. You don't have to believe this, but it affects their players. They don't have better players than us, but they've got tradition."

So now comes Greensboro. UCLA and North Carolina State are the only teams in the final four who have played each other this season, and things have changed since they met. One big change is the locale. North Carolina people have been aching to get UCLA down in corn-pone country, to fatten them up on grits and blow tobacco smoke in their eyes. Now they have their chance. If you listen



McGuire is volatile, technically speaking.

closely, you can hear the yelling begin.

Whether Kansas or Marquette faces the winner is a tossup. Kansas has shown a propensity to turn the ball over under duress, as it did in an early-season trampling at Indiana. If the Jayhawks get flustered, Marquette will steal them blind.

At any rate, all four teams have a chance at the title, a refreshing situation for the NCAA in recent years. But UCLA is UCLA and the team's incentive for victory may be even greater than normal. After all, the Wizard may be coming down off the mountain. **END**



During a playoff lull, Walton is benched.

PULL OVER, PULL INTO THE

Their wings clipped and fuel cut for the California 500, Indy-type racers now know the secret to the new season: danger lurks at every stop

They have seen the future—at least the first 500 miles of it—and not all of it works. The future, that is, of Indy-type racing by the U.S. Auto Club's championship cars, those misbegotten missiles of the Brickyard that constitute America's most exciting contribution to motor sports. All forms of racing are in some degree of trouble this year, mainly because of the timidity of sponsors in the face of the energy crisis, but USAC championship racing is in double trouble. Last week, in the wake of the season's first outing, the California 500, fans, drivers and owners alike had a chance to assess their progress.

Ironically, the chief problem is one that flared long before the fuel shortage. It sprang from the rash of fiery wrecks that marred last year's Indianapolis 500, killing two top drivers and critically injuring another, killing a pit crewman and burning a clutch of spectators. That horror show provoked outcries that the cars were going too fast and loose, that the 75 gallons of fuel they carried turned them into the four-wheeled equivalent of so many napalm bombs, and that the wide, inverted wings mounted on the rear of the cars were causing more turbulence than trailing traffic could handle. "Ban this murderous mockery of a sport!" howled some editorialists. The less hysterical demanded a slowdown.

The USAC response was a set of half measures that satisfied no one completely. First off, they clipped the rear wings nine inches and later cut them again, reducing maximum width to 43 inches. Trimming the wings, it was figured, would ease the downforce in the turns and thus lower the speed of the cars. Smaller wings would also generate less

continued

Beating brother Al out of the pits by half a second, Bobby Unser (above) triumphed over a faster—but less lucky—A.J. Foyt (below).



PITS AND PRAY

by ROBERT F. JONES





Foyt picked up a bit of unwanted metal.

turbulence, reducing the potential for crashes.

Second, and more important from a public-relations standpoint, was the handling of the fire-hazard situation. It is not good business to cook your customers. Since championship races are run counterclockwise and the cars always turn to the left, the right side fuel cell is most vulnerable to rupture and fire during a crash into the retaining wall. USAC ruled that cars could carry fuel only on their left side tanks. That cut the onboard supply to 40 gallons—still a sizable amount of starter for a trackside barbecue, though a little less of a hazard. But this move also doubled the number of high-speed, heavy-traffic pit stops the cars would be re-

quired to make, thus doubling the chance of a major conflagration in the pits.

Further, officials reduced the amount of fuel per car in each race to a total of 280 gallons, fully 60 gallons fewer than the machines previously had been running on. The turbocharged, alcohol-guzzling engines had been barely squeaking by at 1.4 miles per gallon, and this reduction brought screams from owners, drivers and mechanics. They would be required to "de-tune" their highly sensitive engines to get 1.8 miles per gallon. "It's not racing anymore," said Parnelli Jones, track president, team manager and former Indy winner. "It's a gol-durn economy run!"

But Parnelli's main worry in the California 500 had less to do with race driving than with race watching. As the new part owner (along with Indy's Tony Hulman) of the Ontario Motor Speedway franchise, Jones was engaged in a heroic effort to save the huge \$25.5 million white elephant from its third attack of financial seizures in only five years of life. The Ontario Speedway is beyond doubt the handsomest, most modern racing facility in the U.S., but the fans stay away from it as droves. The first California 500, on Labor Day weekend of 1970, drew a respectable 183,000 spectators, but the trend has been downward ever since. In 1973, fewer than 100,000 showed up. This year, Jones and Hulman switched the date to early March, making their race the season opener. While the Labor Day weather had been so hot that the delicate turbocharged engines blew like popcorn—leaving only 12 cars still running at the end of last year's race—the earlier date promised cool, clear, ideal racing weather, with an average temperature of 64°, according to a 10-year study by the National Weather Service.

It sounded good on paper, but reality brought two weeks of intermittent rain. On the day before the race, with the skies slowly clearing, Jones stood in the stands in front of the \$30,000 sponsor suites that are still going begging, watching the fans trickle in for the qualifying sprints. They weren't trucking very fast, and Parnelli ran his hand anxiously over his new forward-swept "baldy special" haircut. ("I've only got one hair left," he mused, "but it's 40 foot long.") The main topic of pre-race conversation was A.J. Foyt's vast superiority over the field. SuperTex won his 100-mile qualifying race going away, at a speed of 190.617 mph—near-

ly five miles an hour faster than anyone else. His speed was partly the result of superior aerodynamics—Foyt's orange Coyote is so low to the ground, most notably the nose, that it looks like a stomped tomato—but the main advantage came from his V-8 Foyt engine.

"The Offenhausers powering most of the field are four-cylinder motors," Jones said. "But with this fuel reduction we have to run the turbochargers at a lower boost, and that gives the advantage to an engine with more cylinders, like Foyt's. I don't like the fuel cut one bit. What if a guy discovers halfway through the race that he doesn't have enough fuel left in the pits to finish? What does he do? Pull in and quit or go out fighting?" The image of *Kamikaze* racing loomed beyond the words.

The best that Jones' own "super-team" of Al Unser, Mario Andretti and Joe Leonard could produce in qualifying was a spot in the third row of the 33-car field. Indeed, the rest of the 36 cars that showed up for the race ran the qualifying sprints so poorly that the last two spots on the grid had to be filled by invitation. "I don't think it's going to be much better for Indy," Jones said. "I can only think of three more cars that will show up there than we got here. The sponsors are staying away."

Still, for all the gloomy forebodings, the race itself proved to be one of the most exciting in recent USAC history. The day broke chilly and overcast, but by race time the sun had come through, glinting on the Ferris wheel and whirly rides of the little carnival in the infield. The canny touch was the idea of Jim Cook, Parnelli's general manager, who felt that a little bit of Le Mans would not be at all harmful. It wasn't. Another good notion was to permit overnight camping in the infield for the first time in the race's history. Motor racing, for all its high technology, is not a purely linear sport and the fans come as much for the color, sound and community as to see who wins. Campers are an important part of the scene: plenty of portables down there in the cooler and a good perch on the rooftop from which to watch the streakers go by.

They streaked, all right: from the start, when Bobby Unser blew past Foyt to lead the first lap, it was close, competitive racing. On the second lap, Foyt turned up his power a touch and made Unser feel as if he were standing still, but

continued

And Bobby got a victory hug from Mem.



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on the 22nd lap of the 200-lap race Foyt ran over a hunk of debris on the track and ripped an oil line. Before he could shut off, he had cooked the engine and was out of it. That turned the race into a battle of equals. If Foyt had finished as he started he would have denied the 100,000 fans who finally showed up the closest finish of a 500-miler that USAC has ever provided.

Most equal of the equals turned out to be the Unser brothers. Bobby and Al swapped the lead 11 times, running at speeds up to 184 mph and whipping through their pit stops. The drag races down pit row, exciting as they looked to the fans, underscored the fears that many had expressed over the fuel-reduction decision. There were a number of near misses as cars screamed in and out under the yellow caution flags for fuel and tire changes. Early in the race, Gary Bettenhausen collided with Joe Leonard in the pits and spun him completely around. Both drivers rolled on, but the hard knock cracked a right front upright on Bettenhausen's Penske Products Special and dropped him out of contention for the lead. But Mark Donohue, in his first full race as pit boss, would not quit. His crew repaired Bettenhausen's nose out on the apron inside Turn One, then towed the car all the way around the 2½-mile oval to put on a new bonnet, and off Bettenhausen dashed to finish 20th.

No one was watching the rear-end Charlies at that point. With 48 laps to go, Leonard T-boned the pit wall near its exit, incurring a compound fracture of the left leg and precipitating a 20-minute caution period while rescue workers cut him free from the wreckage. When the green light came back on, the Unseers continued their neck-and-neck duel like a couple of stock-car showmen. The margin of victory was decided in a final pit stop on Lap 178, which Bobby won by half a second. He outdragged brother Al back onto the track and stayed ahead to win by .58 seconds. It was his first 500-mile victory since his Indy win in 1968, and indeed only the second in his career, despite the fact that he and his Dan Gurney Eagle have been the top qualifiers at nearly every race for the past two seasons. "We've had a long dry spell," said Bobby in Victory Circle, "and actually this time we made a mistake. Dan called me in for one pit stop too many." What did Dan say when he realized the mistake? "Well, he said

something mild like 'Shame on you, Dan, for doing that.'"

Largely because of the long yellow while Leonard was being extricated from his bent car, the average speed for Bobby's win was 157.017 mph, more than three miles an hour slower than the average (and still record) speed for the inaugural race five years ago. Those whose love of championship racing derives solely from speed, speed and more speed were bound to be disappointed. Still, Foyt's qualifying dash was only 10.7 mph slower than the track's qualifying record, not nearly the 20 mph difference that the doomsayers had been predicting. And by the motorized month of May, when the hot dogs pull into Indy with their improved versions of the machines that ran at Ontario, it is certain that the gap will have been closed even further. Anyway, the difference between 190 and 200 miles an hour is undetectable to the human eye—they both look like zip.

What the California 500 proved, on the plus side, was that fuel restrictions do not necessarily mean half the field running out of gas before the race is over. The 16 cars that finished the race set a record for Ontario, where the best finishing field previously had been 13. That the reduction in speed caused by the wing-clipping and lighter loads produce fewer accidents also is no longer arguable. There were seven yellows during the race, but only one bad accident, Leonard's encounter with the pit wall. All told, the USAC rule changes have undoubtedly led to safer, closer racing on the track.

But the traffic situation in the pits may more than outweigh those improvements. Ontario's pit road is an Interstate compared to Indy's narrow cow path. Though Hulman & Co. are working to widen the Indy pit road before this year's race, it remains to be seen how much that will help. A kind of madness descends on everyone at Indy, a madness that cannot be matched at Ontario or Pocono or any other racetrack in the world. That, coupled with cronyism in the appointment of Indy officials, has produced most of the bad accidents of recent years. One can only hope that the halfway measures USAC has taken so far to extricate itself from its racing troubles—measures that have certainly been at least halfway successful—will extend all the way by Indianapolis 500 weekend. Otherwise it will be another Memorial Day everyone would like to forget.

END



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HIS FIGHT PLAN IS A PLANTER'S PUNCH

Challenger Ken Norton is seeding a mental victory garden, but the grim reaper is likely to be champion George Foreman by **DAN LEVIN**

There is a tenseness peculiar to heavy-weight championship fights. The anticipation always builds too early; the weeks of waiting always seem full of the threat of sudden violence and the promise of a conclusive ending. All heavy-weight championship fights engender this atmosphere, yet George Foreman and Ken Norton offer something more—an almost palpable promise of mutual aggression.

This is no Liston vs. Patterson or Frazier vs. Ali, this match next week in Caracas, Venezuela. Both challenger and champion seem driven to attack. We have seen the challenger work—and he is a puncher. And if George Foreman, the destroyer of Joe Frazier, is a puncher for the ages he still seems not fully tested. Ken Norton, the body, *the mind*, the man who chased down Muhammad Ali and broke his jaw, then held him all but even less than six months later, could be the one to do the testing. It should be quite a fight, while it lasts.

George Foreman says, softly, "I don't slap people around so they can yell how they'll beat me the next time. After the referee is done counting, they just want to get away."

Foreman won his title in Jamaica, he smashed Jose (King) Roman in Japan and now he has flown off to Venezuela. He is a wandering champion who has never defended his title inside his own country. Manager Dick Sadler says, "We go where the money is best," but there clearly is more to it than that. Besieged by pending and threatened lawsuits, Foreman's fights may be from legal troubles, not smaller purses.

"Are you awed by Foreman's power?" Ken Norton is asked.

"Awed?" He is incredulous that anyone could ask if Kenneth Howard Norton Sr. is awed by anything. "Awed? No.

I respect it, but it will just make me fight a better fight. If I was *awed*, I wouldn't fight at all."

On the wall of Norton's training-camp

bedroom there is a crudely lettered sign that reads: I WILL BEAT GEORGE FOREMAN. KEN NORTON.

On a chain around Norton's neck there is a medal that was given him by the Napoleon Hill Academy, producers of a cassette course he is taking called *The Philosophy of Success*. According to the Academy, this medal has been given only six times in 60 years, which puts Norton in some rather exclusive company: the first two recipients were Thomas Edison and Henry Ford.

One chapter of the course Norton studies is entitled "Autosuggestion." "Many times a day I repeat instructions



to myself," he says, "and after a while they become conditioned reflex. Say Foreman pins me in a corner: I throw a hook or a right hand and spin out. Or say I get knocked down; I tell myself I won't rush right back in. I keep repeating these things, to get them embedded in my subconscious mind so when the time comes I won't have to think."

He adds, "Wait till I hit Foreman on the chin."

"What will he do?" Norton is asked.

"He's gonna panic," Norton replies, "and I'll hit him again, and again and again. . . ."

"Yeah," he continues, "it's easy to say

what I'll do, but when you get hit, you don't think straight. When the time comes, you do what is embedded in your subconscious."

For Norton it has been a race to get the right things embedded in time.

It was February 1973, a month after Foreman had overpowered Frazier, and Foreman was in San Diego where Ali was training for the first Norton fight. Ali was sparring when Foreman strolled in, and Ali began ranting, shouting about how Foreman was ducking him. Then Foreman was up in the ring and—what a shocking thing to see—the new heavy-

weight champion of the world lay down on his back in his street clothes and allowed Muhammad Ali to stand over him, a triumphant foot on his stomach. For a man of demonstrated confidence it seemed an act of humility, the uneasy gesture of a very young man searching for a role. And George Foreman hasn't changed in that regard.

When he disdainfully left the second Ali-Norton fight after the fourth round he said it was because he had seen enough. But recently he added, "The guys trained, the people were interested. . . . It was awfully offensive to walk out on a good performance like that." Three weeks ago, following a workout in which he had knocked a sparring partner unconscious, Foreman said, dispassionately, "Sometimes it gets awfully hard on these guys. Even if I tap them, it hurts. But I want to be the most destructive man in the whole world. I want to be an executioner."

Dick Sadler nodded and smiled. "The Friendly Executioner," he said.

The Friendly Executioner is an apt enough nickname for Foreman. He may be given to utterances such as, "I'm heavyweight champion of the world, and you can come up and slap me," but no one who has followed his career would even dream of it. In 1970 he knocked Jack O'Halloran down in the fourth, then thunderously out in the fifth. A year later he knocked out Luis Pires in four, and Pires suffered a broken arm—while blocking a Foreman punch. And for Norton, Foreman has been working to increase his punching power.

He trains with a heavy bag held stationary by Sadler, a very brave man. Sometimes Foreman pounds it for nine minutes nonstop. Just watching him can be a near-terrifying experience; the rafters shake. It is hard to imagine anyone surviving many of those punches, much less remaining on his feet.

"Foreman's left jab can stop a man in his tracks," says former California heavyweight champion Henry Clark, one of his sparring partners. "The strongest man I've ever worked with," says another, Eddie (Bossman) Jones, a light heavyweight who has worked with many top heavyweights. That list includes Norton, who ranks second in Bossman's ratings.

Talk of Foreman's strength always

continues

HIS PSYCHE PRIMED: Norton (left) isn't awed by the man who wants to be an executioner.

SCULPTURED BY ROBERT GROSSMAN



turns to his controversial habit of putting his gloves on the shoulders of an incoming opponent and pushing him away and off balance, as he did with Frazier. No one had ever handled Frazier so casually. But Norton says, "It's an illegal movement. My trainer will be aware of it, and the referee, too."

It will be something to watch for, to see if Norton can get in close without being pushed away. But Norton can reach Foreman from outside, too. His reach is half an inch longer than the champion's, and even Terry Hinkle, a Foreman sparring partner of Norton's height and reach but not his experience, has had occasional success in getting to Foreman's head with his jab.

Much of Foreman's punching power originates in his heavy legs. Norton's legs are slim by comparison, but his upper body is one of the most impressive ever seen in a boxing ring. He does not always utilize its power fully. His punches are often wide and sweeping—arm punches that strike with the inside of his fist. Even Norton's sparring partners say they don't hurt. "Tight, tight," is something Norton always hears in the gym. "Tight, tight," he repeats to himself, and when he does tighten up, gets his shoulders into his punches and twists his hands to hit with the front of his fists, no one wants to stand there and take it. It is another thing he must get embedded as quickly as possible.

In some ways Norton has been training even harder than Foreman. He does things Foreman doesn't do: dynamic-tension neck exercises with his trainer, Bill Slayton, holding his head; punching a double-ended speed bag as well as the usual kind; doing 50 sit-ups each morning and 70 each afternoon to harden his rippled midsection. He also punches the heavy bag, a free-swinging one. Unlike Frazier, Norton is not overconfident for Foreman.

Norton is faster on his feet than Frazier and more skilled in avoiding punches to the head, but sooner or later he will have to do some serious punching. Preferably sooner. He has been working to correct a tendency to wait too long for openings. Some experts think this cost him the second Ali fight, and in sparring sessions Slayton yells, "Hit him on the arm." Later Slayton reminds Norton, "Doing that always keeps the other guy busy. Even a good defensive fighter can't block every punch."

Foreman, on the other hand, doesn't seem to have a waiting problem. He threw 37 punches in one round against Roman. Two of them landed, and Roman was through.

The word most often used to criticize Foreman's fighting style is clumsy. He gets the job done, it is said, but a clever boxer could make him look bad. Slayton says, "Norton is a scientific fighter, and Foreman is very crude." Perhaps all this is true, but Foreman did not seem crude in training. Bossman Jones has very fast hands, and he swarmed all over Foreman, but the big man waved those great arms around and did not get hit.

Hinkle, whose favorite word for Foreman is "devastating," says, "Lots of people say how fast Ali is. Well, George hasn't even used his speed in a fight yet. He hasn't had to. I hope, for the public's sake, that when George is smushing Norton that somewhere along the line he takes time to play with him." Sparring partners always tend to favor their employers, but no one in the Norton camp is saying anything like that.

"He may be stronger than I am," Norton says, "but not by much. And I'm faster. I'll slap some of his punches and counter some—and if I'm in a position to hit, I'll hit. But I'm certainly not gonna stand there and let him hit me." The last is a reasonable enough statement by anyone hoping to survive even the first few rounds with Foreman.

By the third round, should the fight reach that point, Norton would have Foreman where he has not been since 1971. Foreman has fought only twice in the last 14 months. He went only two minutes with Roman, less than two rounds with Frazier and he hasn't taken a punch thrown with serious intent since Frazier bounced a left hook off his jaw—to no effect—in their first round. Norton, by contrast, has fought the 24 most challenging rounds of his career in the last year. In the second 12 against Muhammad Ali, a fight he is convinced he won, he was an unimproved fighter.

Both Norton and Foreman will be ready physically, but Foreman's inactivity could work against him if the fight goes on for long. As he freely admits, "You can't get the kind of tension sparring that you get in a real fight."

It was almost time to leave for Venezuela. Foreman ran up a road in Pleasanton, Calif. that could double as a cliff.

Then he napped and awoke to review his huge collection of blue denim outfits, including caps. He dressed, ate a fighter's breakfast, then hunched down in his motel lobby, his cap low over his eyes, not talking or moving. Later, on one of those evening walks all fighters seem to take, he said, "The weak fall by the wayside and the strong survive. But if you get beat up, it doesn't mean you're not strong; you're still strong if you accept it."

"A man told me that once in Hawaii there was this big storm, and he looked into a phone booth afterward and saw a straw sticking right through the thick glass door. And there's guys who can figure out how to get all those astronauts to the moon and back—how many times they'll use the rest room—and maybe some of those guys don't even have legs. So there's all kinds of strength. I bet somewhere there's even a math genius who can figure out something like how to balance a hundred-pound weight on top of a toothpick."

"You tell Norton," he said, "that he's messing around with a mathematician who is figuring out how to zero in on his head."

The same day in Gilman Hot Springs, Calif. Norton ate three huge steaks, did a workout and a half and read, for the fourth time that week, his favorite stanza from his favorite poem:

If you think you are beaten, you are.

If you think you dare not, you don't.

If you like to win, but you think you can't,

It's almost certain you won't.

At dinnertime Norton swaggered down to his motel dining room, the best dressed of many well-dressed men present. He showed off his two silver bracelets and three rings whose total weight was a pound or so. The newest was an inch-high volcano of platinum and 24 diamonds. A band was playing dance music, but Norton amused himself by furtively pitching olives across the dim room at a group of puzzled friends. He growled deeply toward a busboy, who looked stricken until he identified the sound. He bit his favorite waitress playfully on the arm, and she chased him around the table. Then he took his walk, reflective for a change.

"Yes, sir," he said, "this is gonna be a tough fight."

Apparently he still had some embedding to do.

END

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HIT OPENING IN NEW YORK

The lights go up in the Big Town, and Babe Ruth speeds into the record book, into the affections of the multitude and, on one memorable spring day, smacks into jail

BY LUCY W. CLEMM

America was in social revolution as the 1920s began—Prohibition went into effect on Jan. 16, 11 days after the announcement of Ruth's sale to the Yankees—and baseball was altered as radically as any other aspect of national life. The game changed more between 1917 and 1921 than it did in the next 40 years. Despite the high-profile presence of such outstanding batters as Ty Cobb, Honus Wagner, Nap Lajoie, Tris Speaker, Joe Jackson and a few others, during the first two decades of the century hitting was a lesser art in a game that honored pitching and low scores. The term "inside baseball" was almost sacred, and John McGraw was its high priest. It meant playing for a run, a single run. You bunted safely, stole second, went to third on a sacrifice and scored on a fly ball to win 1-0. An exaggeration, of course, but that was the ideal. Even after a livelier cork-center ball was introduced in 1910, tight baseball continued to dominate.

All this changed after the war, after Ruth's breakthrough in 1919. It was not a gradual evolution but sudden and cataclysmic. Baseball statistics gave dramatic evidence of this. For 15 seasons before 1919 major league batters as a group averaged around .250. By 1921 that average had jumped above .285, and it remained steadily in the .280s throughout the 1920s. With this increase in hitting came an increase in scoring. Before 1920 it was a rare year when more than two or three men in both leagues batted in 100 runs, but, in 1921, 15 players did it and the average for the

'20s was 14 a year. Earned run averages, the measure of a pitcher's run-suppressing ability, shot upward. Before 1919 the average annual ERA was about 2.85. In 1921 it was more than 4.00, and it stayed in that neighborhood through the decade.

What caused the explosion? The end of the war, Ruth, money and the lively ball. Attendance in 1919 rose for every one of the 16 major league teams, in some instances doubling and tripling. The release from war was largely responsible for the first burst of interest, and then Ruth's home-run hitting came along. Babe was the most exciting aspect of the 1919 season, even more so than the pennant races. New fans bubbling into the ball parks could not begin to appreciate the austere beauty of a well-pitched game, but they thrilled vicariously to the surging, erectile power of the Ruthian home run. They wanted more. They wanted hits and they wanted runs, lots of hits and lots of runs. They wanted homers. The owners, delighted by the wind-fall at the ticket windows, were happy to give them what they wanted. Legislation was instituted against the myriad trick pitches, like the spitball, that tended to befuddle batters, and the ball itself was pepped up. No hard, irrefutable facts exist to verify what happened to the baseball—indeed, a laboratory test in August 1920 "proved" the ball had not been changed—but the circumstantial evidence is overwhelming that it suddenly became livelier.

Ruth's full, free swing was being copied more and more,

continued

Excerpted from the book *Babe Ruth: Legend* © 1974 by Bruce W. Carrigan

BABE RUTH

continued

and so was his type of bat—thinner in the handle and whippier, in principle something like a golf club. (Early in his career Ruth used a massive 54-ounce bat, but this was slimmed down as Ruth himself ballooned.) Strategy and tactics changed. A strikeout heretofore had been something of a disgrace—referred *Carey at the Bat*. A batter was supposed to protect the plate, get a piece of the ball, as in the cognate game of cricket. In Ruth's case, however, a strike-out was only a momentary, if melodramatic, setback. Protecting the plate declined in importance, along with the sacrifice and the steal (the number of stolen bases in 1921 was half the prewar average). The big hit, the big inning, blossomed.

With them, so did attendance. It had been good in 1919, but 1920 was marvelous. Attendance went up in every city in the majors except Detroit (the Tigers fell to seventh place that year) and Boston, where there was bitterness over Ruth's sale to New York. Seven clubs established all-time attendance highs in 1920, and the Yankees set a major league record. The old record was 910,000, achieved by the 1908 New York Giants. No other club had ever drawn as many as 700,000, and for most of them yearly attendance was usually well under 500,000.

In 1919 the Yankees had been like John the Baptist, preparing the way for the Lord. They were a powerful team; their pre-Ruth lineup of Home Run Baker, Wally Pipp, Duffy Lewis, Ping Bodie, Roger Peckinpaugh, Del Pratt, *et al.* was dubbed Murderers' Row by a newspaper cartoonist. The name seemed justified when the Yanks led the major leagues in home runs—with 45, only 16 more than Ruth himself hit for Boston. They were in the race for the pennant a good part of the season, finished a respectable third and drew 619,000, more than 20% above their previous high. But in 1920, with Ruth, they were in the pennant race all season long, finished a much closer third, hit 115 home runs (Babe had 54 of them) and drew phenomenally. The Polo Grounds had a seating capacity then of 38,000, and capacity was reached and surpassed time and again. The Yankees passed the Giants' old record in midsummer, became the first team ever to draw a million and ended the season with 1,289,422, almost 380,000 better than the previous major league high. The Giants drew well, too, exceeding their 1908 mark themselves, and all in all the two clubs attracted 2,219,031 to the Polo Grounds, almost a million more than ever before.

Ruth was made for New York. It has been said that where youth sees discovery, age sees coincidence, and perhaps the retrospect of years makes Ruth's arrival in Manhattan in 1920 seem only a fortuitous juxtaposition of man and place in time. Nonetheless, Ruth in that place at that time was discovery. And adventure. And excitement. And all the concomitant titillations. One of his famous nicknames, the Bambino, came about because New York's polyglot immigrants and their children found themselves strangely excited by Ruth and baseball. Many of those riding the subways and elevated trains and streetcars up to the thin northern neck of Manhattan to the Polo Grounds, or who talked about Ruth on street corners and in the neighborhood stores, were Italian. The rhythm and alliteration and connotative impact of the Italian word for babe, *bambino*,

made the nickname a natural. In time, headlines would say simply, **RAM HITS ONE.**

Ruth did not come to New York as a Yankee until the day the club left for Jacksonville and spring training. He had dawdled in California, occasionally sounding off about getting more money from the deal, and sidestepped New York on the way back to Boston, where he tried to wangle a percentage of the sale price from the Red Sox owner, Harry Frazee. He smoked cigars in a show window to promote his cigar factory, even handling three at the same time.

Finally, on Feb. 28 he took a train for New York to join the rest of the Yankee contingent at Pennsylvania Station, where the team was to catch a 6:20 sleeper to Florida. He did not appear in the station until 10 past six, but when he did a mob of fans crowded around him, trying to touch him or shake hands. Autograph hounds happily were still a rarity in those days. Ruth, hulking over the people around him, beamed, shook hands, exchanged greetings and obviously enjoyed the stir he was creating. He was wearing a heavy leather coat and was clinging to a new set of golf clubs he had bought in California.

The affable Ping Bodie, a Yankee outfielder, took him around and made a great show of introducing him formally to each of the Yankee players, even though Babe knew most of them already. When a club official procected out \$5 in expense money to each player, Bodie said it would add up to just about enough for one far-sized poker pot. Ruth grinned and said, "Let's get a game going." On the train he passed around Babe Ruth cigars and smoked some himself, as well as pulling at a handsome meerschaum pipe he said had cost him \$12. He chewed gum incessantly ("He always had something in his mouth," Lee Allen, the baseball historian, wrote) and talked freely about his switch from the Red Sox to the Yankees. He cursed Frazee. When someone asked if he had managed to get part of the sale price, he roared that Frazee wouldn't even see him.

In Jacksonville, whose chamber of commerce had advertised Ruth and the Yankees throughout Florida like a circus, he played golf with Fitcher Bob Shawkey and Infielder Del Pratt and on one hole-in-one hit the ball so badly he broke the head off his club. In early practice sessions at the ball park he worked out at third base and surprised the other players with his left-handed agility. His winter of golf and baseball in California had left him in pretty good shape. His weight was just about 200. He quickly became an accepted member of the team and enjoyed himself hugely, clowning about in practice. One day when the chunky 5'8", 195-pound Bodie cut in front of him to take away a grounder, Ruth yelled in mock anger, grabbed Bodie, turned him upside down, dropped him on the grass and sat on him. He and Bodie got along well; they were roommates and often ate together. Bodie had been considered the biggest eater on the club before Ruth came along, but now he admitted defeat. "Anybody who eats three pounds of steak and a bottle of chili sauce for a starter has got me," he said. Halansy did not always prevail, however. Ruth got fed up with the biting gibes of a spectator one afternoon and went into

the stands after him. The man stood his ground and pulled a knife. Pitcher Ernie Shore, who had been Babe's teammate in Baltimore and Boston, pulled Ruth away, and the fan left quietly.

Off the field, except for an occasional round of golf with other players, Babe was gone most of the time. Lee Allen described Ruth years later as "a large man in a camel's hair coat and camel's hair cap, standing in front of a hotel, his broad nostrils sniffling at the promise of the night." The essence of that vivid picture suited him in spring training in 1920. There was an outsize complement of reporters from New York's dozen or more newspapers in camp, most of them there because of Ruth, and they had trouble catching up to him off the field.

When the team would come into a town on its way North, a player's luggage would be delivered to the hotel and left in the lobby. Each player would pick up his own bag and take it to his room. But Ruth would go from the train directly into town, looking for a girl he knew, or knew of, or hoped to know. In the hotel the good-natured Bodie would pick up his bag and the Babe's and carry both up to their room. Ruth might look into the room for a change of clothing during his visit, but he was usually absent, and more often than not Bodie would dutifully bring Babe's luggage back downstairs when it was time to leave. An enterprising reporter, scraping around for some sort of new angle on the Babe, approached Bodie one day and asked him to talk about Ruth.

"I don't know anything about him," Bodie said.

"You room with him. What's he like when you're alone with him?"

"I don't room with him," Bodie said, in a remark that entered baseball legend. "I room with his suitcase."

A trip from training camp to Miami proved so notorious—Ruth, still bazy one morning, ran into a palm tree chasing a fly ball—that Jacob Ruppert, the Yankee owner, never again let his team play a spring game in that city. In any case, Ruth started slowly that year and did not hit his first home run until April 1. Luckily, Ruppert was there and was delighted by the homer, which was especially Ruthian. The fence was 429 feet from the plate and 10 feet high, and the ball cleared it by 50 feet. Ruth hit more homers and lifted his batting average above .300 before the season began, but it was not a particularly good spring for the Yankees. Bodie, beset by personal problems, jumped the club in March and did not return until the season was well under way. Another outfielder, the colorful Chick Fewster, was hit in the head by a pitched ball and was so badly hurt he was unable to speak for nearly a month. He was eventually sent north to Baltimore for surgery to remove a blood clot and was out almost all season. Before he was hurt Fewster had inspired a choice bit of sports-page doggerel:

Said slim Chick Fewster to big Babe Ruth,
I haven't had a hit since Hector was a youth
Said big Babe Ruth to slim Chick Fewster,
You don't hit the ball as hard as youuster.

With Bodie and Fewster gone, Ruth asked Manager Miller Huggins if he could play centerfield. He said he did not want to play left or right because he might run into the

short outfield walls in the Polo Grounds. "I'll get myself all smashed up going after a fly ball," he said. Huggins acceded to the request, and Ruth made his regular-season debut with the Yankees as a centerfielder. It was not an auspicious debut. The Yankees opened in Philadelphia against the Athletics, and Ruth gave the last-place A's the game-winning runs when he dropped a fly ball in the eighth inning with two men on base and two out. At bat all he could produce were two meek singles.

Joe Dugan, the Philadelphia infielder (known as Jumping Joe for his practice of jumping the club at irregular intervals), hit the fly ball Ruth dropped. Dugan, who liked a laugh, felt that Ruth's muff could not be ignored. After the game he scraped around and found a brown derby, in those days a symbol of singular ineptitude (Al Smith had not yet made it nationally famous as a political trademark). He had it wrapped up, and the next afternoon a messenger brought it onto the field just as the game was about to start. Such presentations were not uncommon, and the umpire obligingly called time. The other players gathered around, and Ruth opened the package. When he lifted out the brown derby, the crowd and the players and even the umpires howled with laughter. Huggins tensed, waiting for Ruth's famous temper to explode. But after staring at the derby in stunned surprise for a moment, Babe grinned, put it on and waved to the crowd.

His graceful acceptance of the joke did not help him at bat. He struck out three times and did not get a hit. The Yankees went on to Boston for three games before return-

continued

In 1920 Ruth was a charmer in the film "Heads' Home."



ing to New York for their home opener. In front of his old fans Ruth's slump continued, and the Yankees lost three straight to the Red Sox.

When the club began its home season in New York a big crowd was on hand to see the hero's debut. Again, there was disappointment. Ruth pulled a muscle in his rib cage in batting practice, hurt it again striking out in the first inning, and left the game.

"How do you like that?" complained a fan. "I come all the way from Red Hook, and they take him out five minutes after the game starts."

Babe was out for several days, to the despair of big crowds on the first home weekend of the season, and when he did get back he struck out twice in one game and made another error. Then the Red Sox came to town and in the opener of a five-game series beat the Yankees for the fourth straight time in the young season. New York was becoming uneasy. The Ruthless Red Sox, as they were being called, were leading the league with a 10-2 record while the Yankees were in the second division. The Babe had not hit a single homer. Frazee had said the Red Sox were better off without Ruth. Perhaps he was right. After all, Boston had finished sixth with Ruth the year before.

On Saturday, May 1, a skeptical crowd came to see the second game of the series with the Red Sox. And that was the day Babe started. With Huggins, coaching at third, shrilling, "Come on, big boy!" Ruth hit his first home run of the season, a truly amazing drive far over the Polo Grounds roof, even farther than the one he had hit there the previous September for his record-breaking 28th home run. The Yankees shut out Boston 6-0, won two of the remaining three games and were on their way. The Red Sox balloon went pfft. Frazee's depleted team slipped and slipped and eventually finished fifth with a 72-81 record, while Ruth and the Yankees began their climb to glory.

Babe's home runs came with exciting regularity—he had 12 before the end of May, far more than anyone had ever hit in one month—and the crowds responded. On Sunday, May 16, a record 38,600 jammed the Polo Grounds, and 15,000 others had to be herded away by police when the ticket windows were shut down well before game time. Ruth hit another dozen homers in June, and his batting average climbed as sensationally as his home-run total. On June 20 it was .345; on June 28, .359, on July 1, .372. It was up to .382 by July 11—he hit safely in 26 straight games—and peaked at .394 on Aug. 4. After that the Ruthian fires were banked somewhat, and he finished the season at .376, fourth in the league behind George Sisler (.407), Speaker (.388) and Jackson (.382).

All around the league fans jammed the ball parks to see him and booed their own pitchers whenever Ruth was given a base on balls, which happened often (he had 148 walks in the 142 games he played that season). Because he was walked so often, Huggins moved him up from fourth to third in the batting order and put Bob Meusel, a good clean-up hitter, in the fourth spot. Most of the bases on balls

Ruth received were intentional, or all but intentional, and with good reason, for it seemed impossible to stop him at bat. Typical was a game in June with the Yankees losing 5-3 to Boston in the eighth inning. The Yanks had men on first and third with one out, Ruth up. The Red Sox wanted to walk him, but a walk would fill the bases, put the winning run on first and move the tying run to scoring position at second. So they pitched to him, and Ruth tripled against the exit gate in deep right center to drive in both runners. Meusel doubled Ruth home. Pratt singled Meusel home, and the Yankees won 7-5.

As the season wore on the bases on balls became more frequent. On July 11 Ruth went to bat four times against Howard Ehmke of Detroit and took his bat from his shoulder only twice. In the first inning, with men on second and third and one out, he walked on four straight pitches. In the third, with the bases empty, he swung at the first pitch and missed and hit a home run on the second. In the fifth and seventh innings, both times with the bases empty, he walked on four straight pitches. The crowd booed the walks.

He still had occasional bad days. He extended his hitting streak to 26 straight games in the first half of a doubleheader (before a capacity crowd on a Tuesday afternoon), but ended it when he walked twice and struck out twice in the second game. On one strikeout he smashed his bat to the ground so hard that it broke. Such failures inspired one more bit of Ruthian verse:

There was a man in our town
Who was a baseball fan;
And who was always in his seat
Before the game began,
And every time the Yanks were here,
And Ruth came up to bat
And failed to bust the ball, he rose
And yelled and waved his hat.

Ruth tied his own record of 29 homers on July 15, hit his record-breaking 30th on July 19 in the second game of a doubleheader, then followed it with another in the same game and one more the next afternoon. In eight trips to the plate in those two games he made out only once; every other time he batted he either hit a home run or received a base on balls.

By the end of July he had 37 homers. Maintaining that pace would have earned him past 60, but he slowed drastically and hit only seven during the next five weeks. In September he came alive again and hit 10 in his last 24 games to finish with 54. Second to him was Sisler, with 19. The National League champion had 15.

Ruth's performance in 1920 is a baseball landmark. Along with the 54 homers, he batted .376, hit nine triples and 36 doubles, scored 158 runs, batted in 137, stole 14 bases. His slugging average was .847, still the major league record. Sports Researcher George Russell Weaver, quoted by David Willoughby in his book *The Super Athletes*, called it the best single season any major league hitter has ever had. Weaver based his opinion on a comparison of Ruth's home-run performance with that of the league as a whole. As an example, Weaver noted that Bill Terry's oft-cited batting average of .401 in 1930 was achieved in a season when the

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BABE RUTH

continued

league batted .303. Terry's performance was therefore nowhere near as impressive as Honus Wagner's .354 in 1908, when the league batted only .239. Only five men in the league batted over .300 in 1908, whereas more than 50 batted over .300 in 1930. When Ruth hit his 54 home runs in 1920, Weaver observed, only one other *team* in the league hit more than 44.

Thus, Ruth came to New York and in his first year there gave the fans the best season a ballplayer ever had. The city was crazy about him, and Babe felt completely at home. After he brought Helen down from Boston they began living in a suite in the elegant Ansonia Hotel on Broadway at 73rd Street. It was a lavish, exuberant time, establishing the tone for all his years in New York. Babe, often without Helen, began moving with the night people, and the legend began to grow, the stories running together until the adventures of one year became indistinguishable from those of another.

"Where were you last night, Babe?" a teammate asked.

"I was at a party with those movie people."

"What movie people?"

"Oh, you know—what the hell are their names?"

Their names, it turned out, were Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, rather like saying half a century later that one had spent the evening with those movie people Rich-

and What's-his-name and Elizabeth Something-or-other.

Women were available, and he found them with no trouble. He seldom boasted of his sexual exploits, but neither was he shy about them. More sort of admiring: "You should have seen this dame I was with last night," he told a teammate. "What a body. Not a blemish on it."

He bought a succession of splendid automobiles, in which he got into trouble regularly. He ignored traffic signals and speed limits when he drove from the Ansonia to the ball park and was often stopped by the police. More often than not, the cop, impressed with his catch, would chat for a few moments, issue a jovial warning and send Ruth on his way. On June 8, 1921 Ruth was racing along Riverside Drive in his maroon sports car when he was stopped for the second time in little more than a month. The cop took him directly to traffic court. Ruth did not protest, except when the policeman, obviously not a baseball fan, said he did not believe he was really Babe Ruth. In court the magistrate fined him \$100, which Babe paid by whipping a hundred off the top of the roll in his pocket. The magistrate also sentenced him to a day in jail. The court attendants, finding this all very amusing, escorted Ruth to the Mulberry Street jail in downtown Manhattan. They explained that the Babe would not have to serve 24 hours. A "day" ended at four p.m., and one-day prisoners brought in during the morning were

continued

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Henry Ford II speaks out on



productivity and today's shortages.

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Henry Ford II, Chairman of the Board, Ford Motor Co.

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It has become fashionable to say that productivity is no longer important because people already have enough things and the real need is to improve the quality of life.

Even if the premise is granted, the conclusion is wrong. Rising productivity has never been devoted exclusively to producing more things. Much of the gain has always been devoted to providing better products, more leisure, easier work, more education, better health, music, art and literature for a growing audience, and all the other benefits which contribute to the quality of life.

In recent years, the search for productivity improvement has taken on new dimensions as a result of environmental pollution and growing shortages of energy and raw materials.

In the past we have improved human productivity and raised our standard of living by drawing on nature's resources as though they were inexhaustible. The prophets of doom are now saying that we are running out of resources — that mankind can survive only by halting economic growth, achieving zero population growth and giving up the quest for higher living standards.

It is not true that we are running out of resources. But it is true that we are running out of resources that can be exploited easily, cheaply and without regard to the future.

It is not true that we must abandon economic progress. But it is true that economic progress is threatened by the rising cost of developing and conserving nature's wealth.

We can continue to improve our living standards only if we find new ways of using nature's resources, as well as human labor, more efficiently. To take just one example: in the automobile industry, we can develop smaller cars that can be built with less material and run with less fuel.

The challenge facing the nation, and particularly the management of industry, in the closing years of this century is to use all the intelligence, ingenuity and skill at its command to increase the productivity of nature as well as of man.

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BABE RUTH

continued

released at that hour in the afternoon. Since the ball game did not start until 3:15, that meant Ruth would be able to make part of it. He phoned the ball park, had his uniform brought to the jail, put it on in his cell and put on his street suit, an impressive dove-colored cutaway, over it. His car was parked at the jail's exit. He told a cellmate, "I'm going to have to go like hell to get to the game. Keeping you late like this makes you into a speeder."

The cops basked in the glow of their famous visitor's presence, and the word spread around. Hundreds of people gathered outside. A photographer on a fire escape across the street tried to get Ruth's picture behind bars, but without success. At four o'clock the crowds were pushed back, and a phalanx of police led Babe through the basement and out to his car. A motorcycle escort led him uptown. The trip from downtown Manhattan to the Polo Grounds, nine miles through New York traffic, was made in 18 minutes. Babe stripped off his suit in the car and came through the gate in center field in uniform to a huge ovation. The Yankees were losing 3-2 when he arrived, and while Ruth did nothing at bat himself the club rallied to win 4-3.

Ruth enjoyed the vulgar humor of dugout and clubhouse even when he was the butt of it. As the ultimate rascal in some broad horseplay, his old friend Mike McNally, another of those who came from the Red Sox to the Yankees,

put manure in a hard straw hat belonging to Ruth, and when the Babe breezily donned the hat the manure spilled down over his head and shoulders. Half furious, half laughing at the indignity, Ruth cleaned himself off, mopped his clothes and hurried to join Helen at a New York courthouse, where he was involved in a minor lawsuit. People usually crowded around him, but now he noticed they were sidling away. Suddenly, his big nostrils sniffed, and his face reddened. Abruptly, he settled the case, grabbed Helen and said, "Let's get out of here." Oldtimers say he never wore a hard straw hat or anything but a cap after that.

In July 1920 Ruth took his auto, a big four-door touring sedan, on a Yankee road trip to Philadelphia and Washington. When the games in Washington were over, Ruth started driving back to New York with Helen, a rookie outfielder named Frank Glech, a second-string catcher named Fred Hofmann and Charley O'Leary, an old infielder who was now a coach under Huggins. Such company was typical for Ruth, whose varying friends over the years were often rookies or fringe members of the roster.

The trip was a jolly one, with songs, much laughter and occasional stops for sips of bootleg liquor. Babe was driving, which he did with elan and exuberance and not too much attention to the minor vagaries of the road. The narrow highway weaved and curved its way into Pennsylvania.

continued

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BABE RUTH

continued

It was night, perhaps two in the morning, and Ruth was singing at the wheel. He was always unduly impressed by the musical quality of his rich bass voice, and he was really letting it all out in the soft summer night. Just outside the hamlet of Wawa, near Philadelphia, the road curved sharply. Babe was driving much too fast and could not make the curve. He hit the brakes, the car skidded, spun off the road and turned over. O'Leary and Helen were thrown from the car, Helen onto relatively soft dirt at the side of the road, O'Leary onto its hard surface.

Ruth squirmed out of the wreckage. Gleich and Hofmann were O.K. Helen was bruised, her stockings almost torn off, but she was not otherwise hurt. O'Leary, lying on his back in the middle of the road, appeared to be unconscious, possibly dead. Ruth, stricken with fear and remorse, ran to him and fell on his knees.

"Oh, my God," he cried. "Oh, my God. Oh, God, bring Charley back. Don't take him. I didn't mean it."

He lifted O'Leary's head, and Charley's eyes opened.

Ruth's face brightened.

"Speak to me, Charley. Speak to me."

O'Leary looked around.

"What the hell happened?" he growled. "And where's my hat?"

Except for a headache, O'Leary was all right, and so were

the others, although Ruth had banged his knee and was limping. The five of them walked half a mile down the road to a farmhouse, where they were able to spend the night. Next day a mechanic came out, and they all went back to look at the car. It was a mess.

"Sell it," Ruth said. "Take whatever you can get for it. I'm through with it."

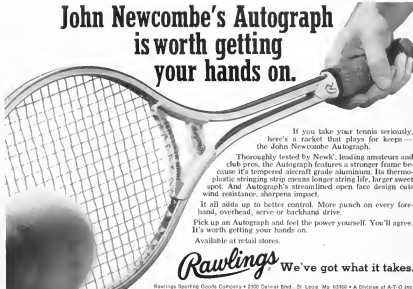
They made their way into Philadelphia and were startled to see a newspaper headline saying RUTH REPORTED KILLED IN CAR CRASH. Other papers, less impulsive, were more accurate, but it was not until the bedraggled party reached New York that evening that Yankee Owners Ruppert and Huston could be sure their expensive acquisition was alive and well.

And he was well, despite the bandaged knee and accompanying limp. He was able to play next day and run at top speed. He hit a memorable pop fly that afternoon, an immense towering thing that drifted toward the short left-field corner of the Polo Grounds and eventually fell safely among third baseman, shortstop and leftfielder. Ruth, sprinting all the way, slid into third with a triple.

That year, 1920, he was repeatedly on the sick list. There was the pulled rib muscle in April. In May he strained his leg and then came down with a bad cold (they called it the flu) and missed a few games. In June he was leading off first

continued

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base in a game against the White Sox when Meusel hit a ground ball through the middle to Buck Weaver at shortstop. Weaver fielded the ball, stepped on second for the forceout and threw on to first in an attempt to complete the double play. His throw hit Ruth flush on the forehead, and the Babe toppled over like a felled tree. He was carried off the field, but he was back in the lineup the next day.

In July there was the banged knee from the auto accident. Later in the month he jammed his wrist sliding. In August he twisted his knee sliding and again was carried off the field. And again he was back in the lineup the next day. Toward the end of August he spent a lot of time driving back and forth to Haverstraw, N.Y., to make a motion picture called *Headin' Home*. In Haverstraw something stung him on the right forearm, the sting became infected and the wound had to be lanced. So Ruth missed several games at the beginning of September.

Through it all, the fans adored him. July 9 was Babe Ruth Day in the Polo Grounds, and a chapter of the Knights of Columbus presented him with a diamond-studded watch fob. Ruth responded by hitting a home run and dedicating it to the K of C group by tipping his hat to the section where members of the council were sitting. In June, in an exhibition game in Columbus, Ohio, he batted six balls out of the park in batting practice, hit a legitimate homer during the game and pitched the last inning. He enjoyed giving the fans a show and he appreciated their reaction. When he inadvertently left the watch fob in a Detroit hotel room he sent frantic wires to the hotel and sent the maid who found it a \$100 tip.

It was a great life; the sour notes in it seemed to pass him by. He paid little attention to Helen's complaints, though his lonely young wife was becoming noticeably discontent. In August 1920 he was in the outfield when Carl Mays hit Ray Chapman of the Indians with a fatal pitch, but even that did not affect him unduly. He never did like Mays, his teammate for years, and there is no record of him either criticizing or supporting Carl after the incident. The Yankees were in second place at the time, only half a game behind the Indians. They had just swept four straight games in Cleveland, and after that series the two clubs moved to

New York for another showdown. In the first game at New York, on Aug. 16, Mays hit Chapman, the sound of the ball striking the player's left temple clearly audible in the stands. Chapman crumpled to the ground, but was revived and helped to his feet. Aided by two teammates, he began to walk toward the clubhouse in center field. As he reached the outfield grass he collapsed again and had to be carried the rest of the way. He was taken to a hospital, was operated on that night and died early the next morning.

It rained the afternoon of Chapman's death, and the Yankee-Indian game was postponed. They played the next afternoon, but Mays was not in uniform nor was he the day after that. Despite the accident, the Indians held off the Yankees and left New York still in first place. Then they faltered, and the White Sox, who were the subject of a grand jury inquiry into reports that the 1919 World Series had been fixed, took the lead. Mays pitched exactly a week after Chapman's beaming. Following a welcoming round of applause from the New York crowd, he shut out Detroit 10-0. That made anti-Mays feeling rise again, but the anger subsided, and he worked regularly for the rest of the season, ending with an impressive record of 26 victories against 11 defeats.

The Yankees challenged for the lead in September, and Ruth's home-run production picked up, although No. 50 was a long time coming. (Babe was the first man ever to hit 30, the first to hit 40, the first to hit 50 and the first to hit 60. The Yankees in their great years were always power hitters, and Yankee Stadium opened in 1923—was famous for home runs. Yet only four Yankees other than Ruth ever hit as many as 40 in one season. Lou Gehrig did it five times; Mackey Mantle four times. Joe DiMaggio did it once, and Roger Maris once, when he hit his 61. Ruth hit 40 or more 11 times. 50 or more four times.)

When Babe finally reached 50 in 1920, in the first game of a doubleheader a week before the season ended, he donated the bat he hit it with to the Near East Relief Fund to be auctioned off for the benefit of starving Armenians in Turkey. He hit his 51st in the second game, added two more a couple of days later and had his 54th and last in the final game of the year.

The season over, with the Yankees third behind the Indians and the White

Sox, Ruth joined a party of players from the Giants sailing to Cuba for a series of exhibitions. Babe commanded extravagant fees in Cuba. He earned nearly \$40,000 in the several weeks he was there, but lost most of it betting on horse races in Havana, and when it came time to buy boat tickets to go home he had to borrow money that Helen had tucked away.

The following year, 1921, was exhilarating from spring training all the way to the World Series—the first in the Yankees' unparalleled record of 29 Series appearances. Ruth hit 59 home runs to break the record he had set a year earlier. He improved in every category. He batted .378. He had 204 hits, 119 of them for extra bases (59 homers, 16 triples, 44 doubles). He scored 177 runs and batted in 170. His slugging average, .846, was one point lower than the record he set in 1920, which still stands, but he had 457 total bases, far beyond his 1920 figure. He had 144 walks; it was better than even money he would reach base each time he came to bat.

Ruth's three-year contract expired after the season and Colonel Huston met him early in 1922 to talk about a new one. Babe was no intellectual, but he understood two things well: baseball and his own worth. He was a sharp, smart ballplayer, and he knew that he was the prime reason why 2½ million people had paid between 55c and \$2.20 to see the Yankees in the Polo Grounds in 1920 and 1921. He may not have taken a pencil and paper and figured out precisely what the Yankees made—they probably netted more than \$1 million a year after expenses in Ruth's first two seasons—but he wanted more of it than he had been getting, a lot more.

Rumors said Babe would be raised to \$300,000, with bonus clauses that would give him an extra \$20,000. If that offer was made Ruth rejected it out of hand. Huston did propose \$40,000 on a straight salary, but Babe turned that down, too. Huston eventually came up to \$50,000 on a five-year contract, a quarter-of-a-million-dollar package.

Ruth's big black eyes stared at Huston.

"Make it \$52,000 and it's a deal."

"Fifty-two thousand dollars?" Now it was Huston's turn to stare. "All right, agreed. But why \$52,000?"

"Well," said the gleeful Ruth, "there are 52 weeks in the year, and I've al-

ways wanted to make a grand a week."

The impact on Americans of a \$52,000-a-year salary at that time can be understood better if it is compared with what the other players were being paid. The Yankees were wallowing in prosperity, a pennant-winning team with huge attendances. They were not a bunch of rookies and young players just coming into their own, but a team of established stars. The Yankees were paying top salaries. Yet Home Run Baker, a man so stubborn in contract talks that he twice sat out an entire season, was making only \$16,000, and that was much the highest salary on the club after Ruth's. Wally Schang, one of the best catchers in baseball, was making \$10,000. Bob Shawkey, a 20-game winner three times, was at \$6,500. Wally Pipp, the first baseman, going into his ninth big-league season, a proven hitter who twice led the league in home runs, made \$6,500. Whitey Witt, the regular centerfielder, \$4,000, and Fred Hofmann, a reserve catcher, \$3,000. A man could live in a big frame house, own an automobile, raise a family and be comfortable on \$75 or \$80 a week. In 1957, after inflation had come in the wake of World War II, T. Coleman Andrews, the Commissioner of Internal Revenue during part of Eisenhower's administration, said that Ted Williams, then baseball's highest-paid player at \$100,000, would have to make \$1 million a year to equal the true value of Ruth's top salary.

Ruth's pay was enormous for its time, and it contributed to the criticism rising in the backlash of his popularity. In his defense Ruth said, "It isn't right to call me or any ballplayer an ingrate because we ask for more money. Sure I want more, all I'm entitled to. Listen, a man who works for another man is not going to be paid any more than he's worth. A man ought to get all he can turn. A man who knows he's making money for other people ought to get some of the profit he brings in. Don't make any difference if it's baseball or a bank or a vaudeville show. It's business, I tell you. There ain't no sentiment to it."

NEXT WEEK

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When the University of Minnesota defeated Michigan Tech 4-2 Saturday night in the Boston Garden, it was more than a mere upset of the nation's top-ranked team. The Gophers were not only the first all-U.S. team in 25 years to win the NCAA hockey championship, but their 19-man squad was made up entirely of homebred Minnesotans. The atmosphere was heady enough that one group of Gopher fans, anxious to draw the battle lines as clearly as possible, had festooned the Garden's balcony with a sign reading GO AMERICANS (MINNESOTA), BEAT CANADIANS (TECH).

Though that seemed unduly chauvinistic, the Gopher win did come as further evidence, if it were needed, that hockey in the U.S.—or at least in Minnesota—is on the upswing. In the locker room afterward, savoring his school's title, Coach Herb Brooks proclaimed, "I invite other teams to come into Minnesota and recruit our high school boys, too. There's enough to go around, believe me."

Being magnanimous was probably the least Brooks could do under the circumstances. Michigan Tech had handed Minnesota two regular-season defeats a couple of weeks earlier and, buoyed by their No. 1 national ranking and the noisy presence of 650 fans from back home in the hockey-mad Upper Peninsula town of Houghton (pop. 6,200), the Huskies fully expected to do it again. All but six of Tech's players were Canadian imports, who tend to be older and more seasoned than American college boys.

But the Huskies reckoned without the stubborn goaltending of Minnesota's Brad Shelstad, who made 34 saves, and they also ran afoul of a pesky, fast-skating Gopher attack that produced a goal apiece by four players. One of them, Defenseman John Perpich, was wrongly identified in the program as Joe Perpich, and as far as advance billing was concerned, the others were guys named Joe, too. Michigan Tech got in some slambang checking, sending Gophers sprawling all over the ice, but as a Tech rooster sardonically complained, "The trouble is, they keep getting up."

The Gopher performance reflected credit on Minnesota's rabid, statewide amateur hockey program, which numbers 52,000 players ranging from Mite Leaguers to gray-haired, arthritic Seniors. By tapping so handy a hotbed, the Gophers figured to produce a big win-

Big night for chauvinists

Without a Canadian on the squad, Minnesota is the NCAA champion

ner eventually, but the happy day scarcely seemed so close. Minnesota finished last in the 10-team Western Collegiate Hockey Association two years ago, and after ex-Gopher star Brooks quit his job last year as an insurance salesman to become coach, the Gophers finished below .500 again. They had nothing resembling a real offensive threat—Mike Polich, the team's leading scorer, was 35th in the WCHA—and prospects seemed little brighter when the club started out this year at 0-4-1.

But then the Gophers began burrowing to daylight. "The pieces were all there," Brooks says of the turnaround. "It was only a matter of putting them in the right places." One of the pieces was Shelstad, who developed at Minneapolis' Southwest High as an old-fashioned Glenn Hall-style standup goalie. He avoids flopping and otherwise leaving his feet simply because it would take him too long to get up: as befits the goaltender of a Cinderella team, he skates so slowly he might be on glass slippers. "It's all right to be flashy," he says, "but the important thing is to stop the puck."

To put some punch in the offense, the boyish, intense Brooks turned the absence of individual stars into a virtue by emphasizing a balanced attack. Borrowing from the proverb-happy Russians, he put up a sign in Minnesota's home locker room, *PASSES COME FROM THE HEART, NOT THE STICK*. In Boston, noting that Minnesota was the only one of the tournament's four teams without at least one All-America player, he told his squad, "Don't worry about individuals. It's a team that's going to win this."

But Minnesota almost carried selflessness too far. In its semifinal against Boston University Thursday night, the Gophers

blew leads of 3-0 and 4-2 partly because Polich worked too much at setting up picture-book plays from his center position, too little on addressing the puck to the BU net. "For God's sake, pull the trigger, Mike!" Brooks yelled. With 13 seconds left in the game and Minnesota shorthanded, Polich spinned the puck away from a Terrier defenseman and pulled the trigger for the goal that won it 6-5, dashing BU's hopes for a third NCAA title in four years.

The next night in the other semifinal Tech squeezed past Harvard 6-5 in overtime, which certainly took something out of the Huskies, who had 24 fewer hours than Minnesota to recover for the finals. The perennially strong Huskies last won an NCAA championship in 1965 with a tender sophomore goalie named Tony Esposito. Since then they have several times suffered reversals of the kind that occurred in 1971 when they were No. 1 in the country only to be knocked out of the WCHA play-offs by seventh-place North Dakota.

It was with a practiced air of forbearance, then, that their coach, John MacInnes, shrugged off the loss to Minnesota, saying, "We played a good game but the puck just wouldn't go in for us." Blame Brad Shelstad. Arms and legs flailing like those of a disappointed scarecrow, Shelstad so thwarted the Huskies that it took fully 33 minutes for Right Wing George Lyle to slip the first Tech goal by him. That narrowed Minnesota's lead to 2-1 but the Gophers added two more goals in the last period while Tech's heaviest hitters were vainly firing away at Shelstad, Mike Zuker, a mailman's son from the Canadian border town of Sault Ste. Marie, finally delivered a Tech goal—with 48 seconds to go—to end it at 4-2.

Yet it was not a clear-cut case of the good guys holding off the foreign marauders. Things were more complicated than that.

Lest he seem to be on an anti-Canadian crusade, Minnesota's Herb Brooks allowed that his new NCAA champions would gladly welcome "any exceptional Canadian player" to go with all those native sons. Meanwhile, an all-tournament team was named—Brad Shelstad was MVP—and on it was Steve Jensen of Michigan Tech. Jensen, a freshman, was recruited in suburban Minneapolis, of all places. Herb Brooks could be right—there may be enough talent in the state for everyone. **END**

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Hot pants take the chill off skating

For years figure skaters froze while other athletes worked out in warmups. Now a designer has figured out some angles to cover the spangles

For a group of athletes who always look so dandy doing their specialty glittering along in bursts of sequins and satin—figure skaters seem sadly drab in practice and off the ice. This perverse situation has continued while other sports have fired up their image. Pro football players long have paced the sidelines in sweeping hooded capes, basketball teams have warmed up or cooled down through various colorful layers and the stars of track and field have adopted practice costumes that now are high fashion in the jog and fitness set.

The skaters suited up at left represent an experimental breakthrough, if warm-ups do it for the world of sport in general, why not borrow the theme and adapt it to specific conditions? In this case, the borrowing was the idea of Designer Anya Robertson, a onetime fashion model who stays in shape by figure skating, often practicing the same long, cold hours as the kids in competition. What skaters needed, Robertson felt, was some kind of standard, accepted warm-up uniform of the type other sports now have.

"Just go to a public ice rink sometime," she says. "The place looks like a shipwreck. First, you can't wear skiing warmup pants for figure skating because they're too bulky. You can't wear tennis warmups because you can't get the darned things on and off over your skates." As if that weren't bad enough, the scenes that really disturbed Robertson came during actual competition. "I see skaters sitting there near the ice with a topcoat around their shoulders and an old pea jacket wrapped around their knees while waiting to compete. It gets worse in the loosening-up period before their own performance. The skaters have

to peel down to their competition outfit, which isn't satisfactory since the warm-up is followed by a chilly period of waiting before they go back on the ice."

Having diagnosed the problem, Robertson formed her own company, named it Polar Sport and produced the first warmup uniforms designed solely for skaters. Her initial creation was a nylon stretch warmup for women, featuring pants with full-length zippers between contrasting stripes. The pants can be ripped away quickly without removing the skates. The women's matching warm-up jacket can be worn without the pants because it is the same length as a skating dress. Robertson then added a stretch leotard to go under the uniform—it can be worn alone or with a matching skating skirt that pulls up over the leotard. The skirt comes equipped with a single kick pleat that can be worn either front or back since, as Robertson says, "When doing school figures, you have to look down to see your tracings and a full skirt hides them." Borrowing next from football, Robertson designed a full-length brushed-wool cape that wraps up the skaters, both men and women, in suitable sideline fashion.

The new line of skating clothes has attracted interest in one especially important sector. Newbold Black IV, secretary of the U.S. Olympic Committee, has ordered sets of the warmup wardrobes for evaluation (in red, white and blue, naturally), noting, "We're looking for what's best and most practical for our teams." In addition, the outfits were being tested by the U.S. competitors at the world figure skating championship in Munich. If the vote from Munich is favorable, skating may follow the rest of sport with a hot new warmup look.

END

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ENRICO FERRELLI

CAPED AGAINST the cold, junior Eastern champ Karen DeAngelo confers with Coach-Trainer Peter Dunfield during a break in practice. Young Tracy Doyle zips her warmup pants, designed so they can be removed without taking off skates, and Robin Binder shows the costume's stretch and versatility to the fullest, working out at The Skating Club of New York.

Foots was a shoo-in

The real name is Clarence Walker, and he dominated the NAIA, leading West Georgia to victory and earning the MVP award to boot

The towns they hail from are not yet on the Dairy Queen expansion list, much less the NBA's, and again they were all seeded with the clairvoyance of a *Former's Almanac*, but if the teams were overshadowed by the players in the nation's oldest and longest collegiate basketball tournament, there were some obvious reasons. One player, for instance, was 10 years older and six inches shorter than his replacement. Another was a superfresh. Overshadowing everything, however, were the feats of Foots.

Foots is the nickname of Clarence Walker—Foots Walker, heh, heh—of West Georgia College, which won the 37th NAIA championship last Saturday night in Kansas City by bopping Alcorn State 97-79 in an All-Southern, All-Braves final. Walker, a 6'1", 172-pound guard with dazzling body control, coiling legs and internal radar when it comes to hating either the bucket or the open man, surpassed his small college All-America reputation. He also delighted the six-day crowd of 72,082, the student body back in Carrollton, Ga. and the pro scouts who saw his magic.

En route to the tournament's Most Valuable Player award, which was a shoo-in, Foots scored 111 points and had 44 assists, playing virtually every minute. The title game was Walker's fifth of the week, but he scored 24 points, got 11 assists and said afterward, "I usually play all 40 minutes, so I wasn't worried about getting tired. I never come out. Right now I feel like I could go again in another one."

Alcorn Coach Davey Whitney also considered the wearying effect of the NAIA, which is not so much a basketball tournament as a six-day marathon,

and he opted, in the final game, for the strategy he had considered trying in the semifinal against St. Mary's of San Antonio. "We thought about playing five sophomores as late as six o'clock this afternoon," Whitney had said Friday night. "We knew they weren't as tired as the fellows who had been playing. But I decided if I did that and lost, my name would be mud."

While Whitney did not start his five sophs against West Georgia, he did get them into the contest early in the first half. The strategy backfired by hurting Alcorn's guard rotation, and West Georgia relentlessly ran its fresh foes into the ground with no more trouble than it had experienced against the starters. During the last two minutes of the half, Foots Walker and his mates outscored Alcorn 10-0 for a 53-43 halftime lead.

Alcorn did close to within four points on three straight buckets by Joe Martin, but the team's talent for goaltending, which exceeded the finest hours of Ken Dryden, proved damaging. Called for that violation a fifth time, Alcorn was then burned when Walker countered with a layup before setting up Tom Turner, the team's leading scorer, for three quick field goals to put the game out of reach. In the last nine minutes Alcorn never got closer than 13 points.

"We knew we'd be all right if we stayed with our regular game," said West Georgia Coach Roger Kaiser, dapper former Georgia Tech and ABL player who sported white shoes and a denim suit through much of the tourney. "We felt with our press we'd give them some trouble and we thought we could run them because they crash the boards so hard they get tired."

West Georgia was seeded 14th going into the NAIA, but it soon became obvious that its lowly status was undeserved. Piling up more than 100 points in each of its first three games, Kaiser's club got its only major scare in Friday night's semifinal against second-seeded Kentucky State, a team that had not lost a tournament game to anything other than Georgia entries since 1970. Valdosta State knocked Kentucky State out in the first round last year, but Coach Lucas Mitchell had since recruited Gerald Cunningham, a 6'6", 205-pound forward whom he calls the best freshman in the country. Cunningham matched his coach's praise, leading the tournament in scoring with 145 points and topping the rebound charts with 61. He also scored 33 points and picked off 14 rebounds against West Georgia, but it was not enough to save his team's 24-game win streak.

However, Kentucky State did have its moment. Sparked by Walker and Jerry Faulkner, a 5'11", goateed fireplug who outjumped rivals a foot taller, West Georgia had moved to an 18-point lead with little more than 10 minutes left when the flow changed dramatically. During the next nine minutes State outscored the Braves 23-7 to make it 77-75 before Walker, exhibiting some of the finest dribbling and passing of the tournament, led a freeze that killed a full minute. Turner was then fouled intentionally on something resembling a gang tackle and the game ended with two free throws at 79-75.

Alcorn traveled a more hazardous road to the finals, one marked by mechanical errors and a penchant for fouling that regularly gave its opposition the one-and-one free-throw advantage. Alcorn's most glorious adventure, however, was a quarterfinal matchup with Hanover (Ind.), that the Braves took 107-102 after a double overtime and an upsetting delay caused by a short circuit in the overworked scoreboard clock. That incident, against a cacophony of screams, whistles, horns and foot stomping, generated this public-address request: "Will the sound man bring a soldering gun to the scorer's table, please." Alcorn spent most of the unscheduled time-out collectively dancing up and down in front of the bench, keeping loose. The Braves were charged with six

continued

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Other products	\$140,000,000	\$100,000,000
Income before income taxes	\$1,400,000,000	\$1,300,000,000
Income taxes	\$1,300,000,000	\$1,200,000,000
Net income	\$100,000,000	\$100,000,000
Per share of common stock	\$1.00	\$1.00
Dividends	\$0.50	\$0.50
Per share of common stock	\$0.50	\$0.50
Retained earnings	\$1,300,000,000	\$1,200,000,000
Per share of common stock	\$13.00	\$12.00
Assets	\$1,300,000,000	\$1,200,000,000
Per share of common stock	\$13.00	\$12.00
Liabilities	\$1,200,000,000	\$1,100,000,000
Per share of common stock	\$12.00	\$11.00
Equity	\$100,000,000	\$100,000,000
Per share of common stock	\$1.00	\$1.00



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COLLEGE BASKETBALL *continued*

goatending violations in that game, but they were not quite enough for Hanover.

Alcorn also got a frisky workout the next night from St. Mary's which, for crowd sentiment, had the player of the tournament in tiny George Harris, a 5'7", 29-year-old guard who fought off the handicap of a groin injury sufficiently to win the tourney's hustle award. Harris, an eight-year Air Force veteran who served in Germany, Japan and England, played for DeWitt Clinton High School in New York City when one of his opponents was Connie Hawkins. Coach Ed Messbarger recruited him from Kelly Air Force Base in San Antonio and has no regrets. "There's no question that he's a great team leader," Messbarger says. "With George in there, we play a one-guard offense and he's a steady influence." Happily for Messbarger, Harris will return next season as a 30-year-old senior. Alcorn beat St. Mary's 76-71, the margin decided by free throws and a 47-33 edge in rebounds. Kentucky State then beat St. Mary's for third place 95-79, but the Rattlers took some solace out of winning the sportsmanship award.

But nothing matched the unrestrained joy of West Georgia and its tiny knot of fans who swarmed all over Coach Kaiser, Foothills Walker and the rest of the club when the tournament had ended.

Walker landed in West Georgia after playing at Vincennes (Ind.) Junior College, where his teammate and roommate was Bob McAdoo, now the NBA's leading scorer with the Buffalo Braves. His abiding ambition is to follow McAdoo into the pros and his performances last week certainly did not hurt his chances of reaching the first plateau—getting drafted.

"I knew the pro scouts were here and were looking at me," he said, "but I didn't think much about it. I just tried to do the best I could and let the rest take care of itself." One night earlier he had said, "I sure hope I make it in pro ball. That's what it's all about."

Kaiser, albeit biased, thinks Walker is a cinch. "He wouldn't have to score a point for us to be a very valuable man," he said, "and I think he's an excellent prospect. Anyone who needs a guy to get the ball to the shooters will take him in a minute."

Indeed, Foothills should be some helping hand.

END

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The putting stance is relatively conventional now, but Hubert's most daring conversion has been his swing—from flat to upright in the space of a year and a half. "Being brought up on Bermuda grass in Birmingham, where it sort of sets your ball up for you a little bit, almost like a tee, and also playing in a lot of wind in Florida in college, I was never worried about getting the ball high in the air. I took a very wide stance and had a big dip with my head at impact. But when you get in bent grass, the land we play in up north, the ball sits down in it and you have to be able to hit down on the ball to drive it up in the air, something I couldn't do very well with my old swing."

While he was working on his new swing, Green's earnings fell from \$73,000 at the end of his rookie year to \$44,000 in 1972. In the meantime it was his excellent chipping and his peculiar putting stroke that kept him from dropping out of sight altogether.

"I wanted to change my putting, too,"

he says, "but I had to take things one at a time. I needed something familiar to fall back on when things got real bad, when I had a four- or a five-footer for a bogey. 'Cause I had an awful lot of four- and five-footers for bogeys in those days."

In the fall of 1972 Green married a sunny Southern Californian, Judi Rowlands, and as a new orderliness entered his life he bore down on his game. "Two mouths to feed and all that garbage," he explains. Judi undertook the letter writing, reservation making and the exotic housekeeping that living from the trunk of a rented car requires. She walked the course with her husband every day and listened sympathetically in the evenings. To this day her fiercest recorded remonstrance is, "Oh, Hu-ber!"

"She's a breath of fresh air," he says.

With a new swing and a new life-style Hubert began 1973 slowly, but about Masters time he began to hit his stride. While waiting for delivery of a new set

of clubs he borrowed a graphite-shafted driver from Gay Brewer and discovered that it gave him an extra 10 yards or so and, with that, came the confidence he needed. He finished a respectable 14th at Augusta and two weeks later shot four rounds under par to win the Tallahassee Open. After seven finishes in the top 10 through the summer months he won again at the B.C. Open in September and wound up the year with \$114,000. "Not bad for a skinny kid," he thought.

But apparently not good enough. Every few years, in the lull between the end of one golf season and the beginning of the next, sportswriters in search of a trend rediscover a species of golfer called the young lion. A young lion is any David in double knits who looks as though he might eventually knock off a Goliath or two. This year's list includes everyone from a 26-year-old U.S. Open winner who has had four years on the pro tour to a babe in the rough of 21. A young lion is usually identified at 250 yards by

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the way his shining yellow hair bounces to the rhythm of his stride.

Poor Hubert. Missed again. Four months over the hill at 27, with dark curly hair that sticks obstinately close to his head. No media dogging his steps. No galleries to speak of. Just all those wins and that nice spot on the money list.

"I don't know what I did wrong," says Green. "I keep readin' about all those young lions and they're all the same guys I played junior golf with. Maybe it's because I have one gray hair."

By the end of this February, though, with the Bob Hope win behind him, Green was his ebullient self again. "Winning the Hope solved a lot of my problems," he says. "Even if no one else knew about it, I enjoyed the hell out of it. It was fun! I went home the next week and didn't play much golf 'cause everybody was tellin' me how good I was and I was sayin', 'Hey, tell me some more. And maybe a little louder next time.'"

For all his "country music," Hubert

Green is a fairly serious fellow. "I feel like I'm an entertainer of sorts," he says. "People pay money to see me play or to play with me in a pro-am, and when they do I'm there to make them have a good time if I possibly can. I agree with Lee Trevino and Chi Chi that the crowd deserves somethin' better than a smoke look and a get-out-of-my-way attitude."

His ties to his hometown are strong. He is concerned that the rest of the country still equates Birmingham with Bull Connor, attack dogs and the like, and wants to be involved in letting people know things are now better in Alabama. He has promised his winnings from proams this year, which he hopes will top \$10,000, to the A. G. Gaston Boys Club of Birmingham. "Trevino and Homero share some of their earnings," he says. "Leonard Thompson gave away \$30,000 of his Inverrary purse. I think more of us young players ought to do things like that."

As for his game, he assesses it with an

unusually cold eye. "I am a good putter, an excellent chipper but a poor bunker player," he says. "I have become in the last year a good driver. I'd say one of the seven or eight most accurate on the tour when I'm playing well. My short irons are not bad and I've been working on my long irons for quite a while, and I'm improving. I have been a fair player trying to be a good player, and I think I'm beginning to be a good player. I'm growing. Lanny Wadkins and Jerry Heard are good players. Johnny Miller and Tom Weiskopf are good players on the verge of moving into the great category. In my eyes I'm not quite in the good category yet."

O.K. Take a fair-to-good golfer with one gray hair, two wins and \$82,000 in the bank by March, one who gets a kick out of watching paint dry, and ask him what he thinks of life. If he is Hubert Green he will shoot you a mischievous grin and say, "This year is going to be fun!"

END



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Playing like an amateur

...and proud of it, young Frank Torres will challenge the top shooters in the world, men with all kinds of wizardry up their satin sleeves

It has been eight years since Europe reached out a hand to the ignorant and despairing survivors of the great collapse of organized billiards in the United States. The game had fallen into such disrepute that pristine billiard parlors were scattered across the country like monasteries in a Dark Age of poolroom barbarism. In 1966, however, the persevering ones looked up from their green-cloth geometry and found themselves under the benevolent regard of the World Union of Billiards, an amateur organization with Olympic hauteur. The United States was to be allowed into the world competition against the best players from European affiliates representing a quarter of a million shooters. Surely, the renaissance of American billiards was dawning.

The national three-cushion championship of the Billiard Federation of the U.S.A., a member of the World Union, was held last month in San Jose, a suburb of Los Angeles illogically located in the San Francisco Bay area. The tournament ran for five days, with games in

the afternoon and evening, before whispering, rapt audiences in the San Jose Elks Lodge. There were nine competitors engaged in round-robin matches. Attention centered on Gentleman John Bonner, the courtly 65-year-old American champion who went to the 1973 world games in Cairo. He was defending his title against top contender Frank Torres, an unruffled young man who at the age of 14 first picked up a cue stick in the Club de los Intelectuales in Mexico City.

A hundred paces from the hushed room where this sporting drama was unfolding on the last day of the tournament a few of the guys at the Elks bar remained mildly mystified. That it was a classy event was certain: the players walked around the club with their personal cue sticks in leather cases. The discussion at the bar was over what the players hoped to win. How big was the prize money? Now, interrupted the bartender with the authority of a man uncapping a beer, the prize was a trip to Europe.

"Bums play pool," the late Danny McGoorty once remarked. "Gentlemen

play billiards." Although McGoorty, a superb player and the last of the hard-drinking career hustlers, was perhaps inelegant, he shared the reverent attitude of those billiard commentators who like to cite a reference to "billiards" in Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*.

The game developed in England and France at about the same time. But while the English added pockets to their tables, the French traditionalists persisted with four unbreached rails and three balls, the knocking together of which in certain sequences produced points. Perhaps it was the sentiment of the Revolution, but the French game was predominant in America in the last century. It was largely a matter of poking a stick at a sphere until the 1820s, when someone invented the leather tip and discovered that if you applied chalk to the end it tremendously increased the coefficient of friction. In other words, you could make the cue ball swerve and back up sharply like it had a mind of its own. With the technological breakthrough billiards became to pocket billiards, or pool, what chess is to checkers.

The French were preeminent in their own game, particularly a version of billiards called balkline. In 1906 Willie Hoppe, a solemn American youth in a tuxedo, played balkline with Maurice (The Lion) Vignaux in the ballroom of the Grand Hotel in Paris. In the U.S. knots of people gathered around newspaper offices and cheered wildly when news of Hoppe's victory was posted. Fifty years of American supremacy in billiards had begun.

In the flush of the golden era of the 1920s and 1930s there were an estimated 42,000 billiard and pool rooms in this country (there may be 10,000 today). These were the brouhahas of the army of fans who followed the highly paid exploits of Hoppe and the less legendary Welker (the Manson Marvel) Cochran, Jake Schaefer Jr. and a handful of other Americans no one else in the world seemed able to beat. The most popular game was three-cushion billiards, which could be so fiercely intellectual that newspapers published diagrams of the classic shots.

In 1952 Cochran, slowed down by arthritis, sponsored a world tournament in his billiard room in San Francisco. He didn't play; Hoppe did and won. There was one last professional world-class tournament in 1953. And that, although



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no one was aware of it, was that.

"When I got to San Francisco it was like a billiard paradise for a young lad from Duquesne," recalled Robert Byrne, billiard historian and McGoorty's biographer. "Unfortunately, that was in 1954, when the game was going into almost total eclipse. The organization collapsed. There was no way of finding out what was happening. There were a few big cities where three-cushion was still played and a few oldtimers still played balkline. But nobody knew what was happening abroad. Everybody sort of assumed that with the United States gone, the game had died everywhere."

Billiards, in fact, was in bursting good health elsewhere. In their prime Hoppe and Cochran had three-cushion tournament averages of 1.150—the average number of points scored per inning, or turn, at the table. That was regarded as billiards at its finest. A Belgian named Raymond Ceulemans won the amateur world championship in 1963 and has held the title ever since. His average is an amazing 1.277.

When the World Union of Billiards welcomed America back into international play, it was with the understanding that U.S. federation members would be untaunted by the wheeling-dealing commercialism that had provided the gold of the golden era in this country. This covenant was entrusted to Dr. Virgil E. Erickson, the president and a founder of the U.S. group. The choice was well made. Doc has the stature of Avery Brundage in billiards.

Doc Erickson has watched international-class amateur competition on several occasions, and he admits that American players have a distance to go, the first step being the admission that the art has fallen to a low state in this country. Realizing this, however, Doc had no compunction about agreeing to the suspension of Al Gilbert, one of the federation's protégés and probably its best three-cushion player. Gilbert had taken part in an unsanctioned prize-money match in Mexico.

Doc is undeterred, even though Eastern representation at his national tournaments has disappeared because of his strictures on commercialism. He is a man who owns Welker Cochran's private table, a beautiful piece of massive inlaid furniture, and plays billiards with a cue

stick he bought 44 years ago when he was 12. It is at Doc's strong suggestion that the competitors in his tournaments wear suits or dark cardigans while at the table as a substitute for the satin-sleeved vests worn in Europe. "We want the players to look presentable, not like bums," he says.

The competitors at the 1974 nationals in the San Jose Elks Lodge wore dark sweaters, with the exception of Gentleman John Bonner, a retired steel company supervisor from Buffalo. He earned his moniker by never removing his jacket when he plays. His title was taken from him, however.

On April 2-7 in Antwerp the United States will be represented in the World Billiard Championship by Frank Torres, an American who speaks English with a Spanish accent. Torres, at 29 the kid of the tournament, was undefeated in San Jose, beating Bonner 50-33 in their final game. The most exciting aspect of the tournament was whether Torres would maintain the .750 average demanded by the World Union of every player entering its championship. Torres drove up his average to the minimum only in the last game.

Torres was born in San Antonio but was raised in Mexico City, where pool is little known. It wasn't until 1968, after college, that he returned to his native country. His interest in school had been mathematics and Torres had decided to become an electronics technician. His weekends were devoted more and more to billiards.

"I asked questions of the good players," he says. "Al Gilbert was one of them. And when I had a system that wasn't improving my game, I dropped it. That is hard to do, but you must if you want to get better."

"Now at the table I can see the angle clearly, I can split it in my mind very easily and calculate the cushions. The most important thing is to forget your opponent. Don't watch his style, his stroke. After finishing the shot, you stop thinking."

When Torres goes to Belgium, it will be his first exposure to great players such as Ceulemans, who was not much older than Torres when he became world champion. What is his plan of action at Antwerp? Torres thinks for a moment, then smiles brilliantly.

"Ask questions," he says.

END



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**POWER
AND LIGHT
ON A
LONELY LAND**

The Alaska pipeline will stretch through icy wastes to the margins of the earth. There in the Arctic mountains the author considers this hotline for man in his emergency
by **BIL GILBERT**

CONTINUED

What to do—or not do—with its vast petroleum reserves has been the issue in Alaska and a concern of very many people in the Other 49. The outline of the Alaska oil debate is by now familiar. For a long time it was suspected that there was oil under Alaska's coastal plain. Eskimos and white explorers had noticed seeps in the area. In the mid-1960s the Atlantic Richfield Company began a serious search and in early 1968 drilled two successful wells at Prudhoe Bay. That summer ARCO announced the Prudhoe field held between five and 10 billion barrels of crude oil and 26 trillion cubic feet of natural gas. Oil firms are conservative when it comes to making public the size of reserves. Beyond scientific prudence, a certain amount of poor-mouthing is politic for financial and tax reasons and,

one suspects, as a lever for managing public opinion. The private estimate of most oilmen is that the Prudhoe reserves are in the neighborhood of 10 to 20 billion barrels and that there may be 100 billion barrels in the immediate area. However, even the original five-to-10-billion figure would make the field the largest ever discovered in North America. When operations begin, two million barrels are expected to be pumped out of Prudhoe daily.

On the first full day of trading following the announcement of its Arctic oil strike—a day when the Dow-Jones industrial average suffered its biggest loss in a month—ARCO stock increased in value by \$370 million. Other oil companies rushed to the Arctic to conduct their own explorations. In 1969 at a sale conducted by the state of Alaska, these firms spent \$900 million to secure oil leases to 450,000 acres near Prudhoe Bay. Crucial to the production plans of the leaseholders was the construction of an 800-mile-long, 48-inch-diameter pipeline through which the oil from Prudhoe would flow across Alaska. The line would terminate at Valdez, a small port on an ice-free fjord opening onto the Gulf of Alaska. There the oil would be transferred to tankers. To build this \$4.5-billion facility the oil companies formed the Alyeska Pipeline Service Company.

THE BROOKS RANGE: In terms of protecting nature from man, much of the debate centered on the Brooks Range. The most northerly, least inhabited mountain chain on the continent, it rises on the Pacific side of the state and extends across the top of Alaska, roughly parallel to the Arctic Ocean. The peaks of the range rise to 9,000 feet and are sharp and spectacular in conformation.

The freeze in these mountains comes in September or early October, the thaw in May or June. Winter temperatures of -60° are not uncommon. There is not much snow, but any that falls, stays. The mountains are buffeted by winds blowing off the polar seas.

What lives in the Brooks Range lives precariously. In sheltered valleys and ravines there are thickets of stunted,

warped willow and birch, but more typical are tundra-type plants—mosses, lichens, cranberries and creepers that exist in the few inches of acid soil lying on top of the permafrost. The upper levels of the slopes and peaks are usually bare rock and scree, so steep and wind-blasted that only lichens can survive there.

Dull sheep, like mammalian lichens, cling to and forage on canyon slopes. Migrating caribou travel through the mountains on their way to and from the Arctic coastal plains, where they bear their calves in summer, and the boreal forests south of the range, where they find food and shelter in winter. Wolves hang on the flanks of the caribou herds. There are grizzlies that escape the worst of the weather by hibernating or moving out. Red and Arctic foxes, weasels, gyrfalcon, peregrine falcons, owls, ravens, ptarmigan, hares, ground squirrels, voles and some smaller birds use part of the mountains part of the time.

Men have coped with the Brooks Range as other species have by avoiding direct and prolonged confrontation with it. Eskimo and Indian hunters have followed migrating caribou into the mountains, but in the main their settlements have been small, temporary hunting camps. A few prospectors and miners have scratched for gold on the southern slopes. In recent years bush pi-



PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB WALDROP

Within months the Arctic oil operation was brought to an abrupt halt by an outburst of public protest that rapidly evolved into the loudest and longest environmental debate in American history. Other factors complicated the issue and delayed the flow of oil. Several federal agencies, principally the U.S. Geological Survey, found the engineering data submitted with the pipeline proposal to be inadequate and asked that it be rethought and resubmitted. The land rights of Alaskan Eskimos and Indians also bore on the oil question. However, concern over the environmental propriety of the oil operation was an element in every one of these disputes.

After initial surprise at the vehemence and effectiveness of the opposition, oilmen, supported by most Alaskan citizens and politicians, regrouped and fought back. They contended that the pipeline and tanker facilities in Valdez would occupy only 55 of Alaska's 586,000 square miles; that even in this small area the possibility of environmental catastrophe was slim, that they, the operators and builders, would take precautions to prevent environmental damage. The basic pro-oil argument was that whatever the minimal environmental risks, we are justified in taking them because society has a critical need for petroleum products. As the

fight continued, oilmen at times seemed to see themselves as Knights Templar defending civilization against the environmental Huns, whose objective was to attack conventional industrial-technological wisdom and morality. The oilmen's attitude has its justifications.

The Arctic oil debate has been a confrontation between two philosophies of life. For most environmentalists, an Arctic oil operation, no matter how safe, is undesirable. Better we should take the time, money and energy that will be invested in the oil and spend it to develop cheaper, more plentiful and less poisonous sources of energy. Better still, we should practice restraint, leave the oil where it is and develop a new life-style less addicted to fossil fuel, consumption, waste and material progress.

The argument continues, though the immediate prize, the pipeline permit, has been awarded to the Alyeska consortium. In the Far North men are readying their equipment for the spring construction season and in three years' time the oil should be flowing to Valdez. The battle is over and the treaty has been signed. Now, somewhat like a city awaiting the arrival of occupation troops, Alaska waits in a mixed mood of anticipation, anxiety and exhausted relief for the coming of the oil.

lots have brought in hunters, backpackers and canoeists. They are dropped off with their nylon tents, down parkas, freeze-dried foods and the best survival gear modern technology can supply, grooves on the wildlife, landscape and desolation for a few summer weeks, and then are picked up and flown home.

The trans-Alaska pipeline, as currently surveyed, will cross 75 miles of the Arctic coastal plain, then ascend and cross the Brooks Range divide above Galbraith Lake. Descending the south slope it will angle westward, cross the headwaters of the Koyukuk River, reaching the Yukon about 350 miles north of Prudhoe and 50 miles north of Fairbanks. The few who have seen these lonely mountains and the large number who have enjoyed them vicariously because of the stories and pictures of others, fear that a pipeline will ruin this wilderness. They feel it will scar the tundra (the track of one vehicle remains for years on the mat of slow-growing vegetation), disrupt the caribou migration, harass rare birds, and make it easier to track and gun down sheep, caribou, bears and wolves. Above all, those who fear the pipeline believe that the steel tube throbbing with oil will violate the wilderness spirit of the Brooks Range, changing it from a virgin to a used place. To a considerable degree the Arctic oil debate began because there were

sufficient people who valued these mountains as an undefiled wilderness and who believe that their value is at least as great as the value of 10 billion barrels of oil, which can be very tangibly measured in BTUs, kilowatts, mph and dollars.

ATIGUN CANYON: This half-mile-wide defile is on the north slope of the Brooks Range. Through it, flowing out of Galbraith Lake, runs the shallow, swift Atigun River. The canyon runs east-west, which is unusual in the Brooks Range, the axis of which is also east-west. In consequence Atigun Canyon is relatively sheltered and noted for flora and fauna, particularly for Dall sheep. Depending upon the final survey, the trans-Alaska pipeline will be laid either through the canyon or across its mouth. For this reason Bob Waldrop and the Arctic Falcon thought Atigun would be the place for me to see something of the Brooks Range wilderness.

Bob is an old friend who once was like a son or a very young brother. That was 15 years ago in the Appalachians when he was learning about white water, cliff climbing and cave crawling. He came to Alaska as a Sierra Club staffer and stayed as a kind of free-lance conservationist. During summers he guides adventure seekers and environmental dignitaries about the Brooks Range. This trip was



the first we had taken together on which Bob was clearly in charge, an arrangement satisfying in a time-passes-but-it-should-way.

The Arctic Falcon, otherwise known as Shanahan, was our bush pilot. He favored an Atigun Canyon landing because there is a pipeline camp at Galbraith Lake (pages 80-81) and a mile from the camp a cleared gravel strip, one of the

continued

few places in the Brooks Range where the Falcon could come to earth. Flying north, over mountains that look like a free-form pan of frozen meringue, the Falcon talked about engine seizures and crack-ups before setting down on the gravel Alyeska runway. He left us and soon we were edging around the northeastern end of Galbraith Lake toward the canyon.

Considering the location, it was a beautiful day. The sun was bright, the sky blue and the wind calm. There were eight inches of granular, sandlike snow. The temperature was five below zero and except for our beards frozen with tobacco and nose drippings, skiing across the tundra was comfortable exercise.

At first look the landscape is desolate—an empty plain of snow overtopped by walls, spires and crags of black rock. Yet the first impression of sterility proves false. Life may not be plentiful but it is varied. A fox popped out of an ice crevice and cavorted, dancing, twirling and rolling across the snow, every now and then looking back. It was as if the fox

had been waiting a long time for an audience. From a distance a stand of high brush seemed to be extending up and out of a hollow. In fact, it was a moving thickset of elaborate antlers, nine migrating caribou. South of the lake a caribou had been pulled down, killed by 14 wolves. There were even occasional flowers, a new species in the area, Arctic poppies—strips of orange flagging flying from wooden stems driven into the tundra by pipeline surveyors.

On the second day, well into Atqan Canyon, we saw Dall sheep. We also found an excellent camping place, a small ravine at a right angle to the river. Below some rapids there was an open hole in the ice from which we could draw water. At the head of the ravine there was enough scrub willow for two or three fires. The plan was to set up the tent, leave most of the gear in the ravine and, unencumbered by packs, spend the next few days wandering about the canyon. It was a good enough plan but this is poor country for programming activities. As we were unpacking, heavy clouds began to move in. By the time we had hollowed out a place in the snow for the tent, pitched it, cooked and eaten, the temperature was 15 below zero and the wind was blowing at a steady 30 miles per hour. We got into the tent, crawled into the sleeping bags and pulled our boots, extra clothing and food bags in after us.

During the night the wind blew in tantrum-like gusts of 50 or 60 mph. The frail tent was an affront to the wind. It snarled, snapped and tore at the nylon all night. Such circumstances tend to simplify one's desires. In the angry wind we did not worry very much about becoming rich or popular, or what Exxon or Arabs were going to do about the price of crude oil. The only thing that vitally concerned us was whether the tent would stand and what we would do if it did not. It stood. Thanks be for ripstop nylon. All praises for polyethylene rope. Hallowed are the Du Ponts.

The weather had not changed appreciably by morning. Short trips outside the tent proved that it was difficult to remain standing against the wind and in the blowing snow and general gloom, visibility was no more than 100 feet. We went back inside to wait out the storm. Such a wait is not as bad a way as it might seem to spend two days of your life. We were warm enough, swaddled in goose down, and every so often we would put

a block of cheese or a can of sardines next to our skin and keep them there until they were warm enough to chew.

In a situation of this sort there are things to be avoided. It is important to spend as little time as possible outside the sleeping bag. Once outside you must be careful not to fall over guy ropes or pee upwind. Excessive conversation should be avoided. There are no two people in the world so interested in one another that they can lie for 40 hours side by side in a 5 x 7 tent, under which snow is turning into a block of ice, and entertain themselves with talk. The thing to do is to take some nice dense topic, for example "wilderness is the preservation of the world," and treat it like a wedge of cheese under the armpit—that is, warm it slowly and nibble on it. Every now and then make a few sounds to let your friend know you are content and harmlessly occupied. Thus:

10 a.m. "If he had been a literate golf pro, he would have said golf is the preservation of the world. It's like Carroll Quigley, the historian, says—if Freud had been an Eskimo he would have decided the whole world was motivated by walrus blubber. Wilderness has been a good game for us, but there's no reason it has to be everybody's game."

"Aha."

"History is a record of people trying to get out of places like this, trying to come in from the cold, get out of caves and tents. You'd have to figure the general belief is that wilderness is the peril of the world. It is what has been snapping at our heels like a wolf at a caribou. Maybe trying to get warm but never making it the whole way is our preservation; if we get so warm we forget what it's like outside, then we lose the world and ourselves."

6 p.m. "You know those bumper stickers in Anchorage that the pro-oil people put out: LET THE BASTARDS FREEZE IN THE DARK?"

"Aha."

"We are the bastards they have in mind."

"We need oil."

2 a.m. "We are like Romans taking augures from chicken intestines."

"Aha."

"There are all these questions of seeming interest: oil and tundra, ARCO and



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Sierra Club, pipeline and caribou, wolves and gas rationing. So we pick up and say, 'Hang on, gang, while we go out and have a meaningful experience. We'll come back and tell you what it all means.' So what do we do. We go off like a shot to lie on a sheet of ice and commune with a blizzard. Or maybe we are more like those Pawnee who used to run zawhide ropes through slits in their chests and have themselves hung up on a pole so they could stare at the sun until they saw God."

"Nothing great is achieved without suffering."

ALYESKA CAMP: On the second morning the storm abated and it was possible to pry the tent and pucks out of the ice and snow, load up and ski out of the canyon to the Alyeska camp on the far side of Galbraith Lake. The pipeline camp is one of 21 that will serve as bases for the 13,000 construction men who will be employed once work begins. At this time Galbraith Lake was an advance outpost being held by 20 or so maintenance men, surveyors, helicopter mechanics and pilots who were waiting for the construction offensive. The camp boss was Ted, a hard, feisty, bandy-legged ex-saddle bronc rider from Montana. Ted was moderately hospitable, considering that he is moderately suspicious of stragglers from the Great Outdoors.

"Jesus Christ, What the — have you been doing out in those miserable bud-buds, I ought to leave you out there, let you freeze some more so you can keep on enjoying nature. That's what you'd like, isn't it? You're some of those ecologists, aren't you?"

"I'm a spy. I go around and do loyalty checks in crummy places like this."

"— ecologists. You want us to feed you and keep you warm and then you'll go off and tell everyone what s.o.b.s we are. How long you going to hang around here?"

"Until Shanahan picks us up."

"Then we're going to have you for a while, even the Falcon can't get in in this weather. Go find the cook and tell him to give you a room and put you on the chow list. Hey, Lash, how about it. We're going to have us a couple of those hippie ecologists to play with. You guys married or what?"

In fact, Ted was not an s.o.b. He was a pugnacious, quick man with some fairly strong negative feelings about the mys-

tique of the wilderness. There being nothing more unscently than contentious guests, we talked about bucking horses, Pendleton, Casey Tibbs and passed the time easily.

The Galbraith Lake camp was a collection of a dozen or so prefabricated bunkhouses (mostly empty and sealed), an assortment of machine shops and maintenance sheds clustered around the gravel helicopter pad. Behind the buildings, like Comestoga wagons drawn up around a pioneer camp, were ranked files of formidable construction machines: 35 vans and pickups, 22 graders, 12 dump trucks, nine trailer tractors, seven drilling rigs, five front-end loaders, two tankers, two cranes, two shovels. The equipment had been there for at least a year, hauled in during the winters of 1971 and 1972 over an ice road from Fairbanks.

"—," said a Galbraith Lake electrician, waving his hand at an enormous crane. "You know damn good and well that they were going to build this — pipeline no matter what those — environmentalists might have thought. Those wheeler-dealers who sent all this stuff up here did not bring it up to give to the — caribou."

The logic behind this point of view—that come heaven, hell or injunctions. Big Oil was going to get its pipeline—is not hard to follow. That the Galbraith Lake camp and others were being built on the tundra while politicians, lawyers and academics supposedly were conducting a public debate about what should or should not be built on the tundra tends to set one thinking cynically. Oil spokesmen, of course, explain things differently. They say that in the interest of bringing the benefits of more oil to the people as soon as possible they have already invested well over a billion dollars in the Arctic operation. That this investment, the Galbraith Lake men, front-end loaders, etc. should have sat idle for three years while the citizenry was arguing about whether it wanted to be so benefited has been silly and created unnecessary financial hardship for hardworking, good-hearted oil people.

Beyond its existence and substance, perhaps the most surprising thing about Galbraith Lake is that this camp 200 miles on the far side of the Arctic Circle may be, in terms of creature comforts, one of the comiest places in which an American man could winter in 1973-74. The living quarters are comfortable and

convenient after the antiseptic fashion of a Holiday Inn. The buildings are warm toasty. The food is magnificent in high-calorie cholesterol style, running to large steaks, chops, hams, slabs of bacon, fresh milk, eggs, fruits, vegetables, salads, even loads of warm pies, cakes and pastries.

One midnight after a hard day of consuming five Travis McGee mysteries, the urge came for a little exercise, a stroll from the recreation lounge to the dining room. The camp was asleep. The only sounds were the hum of a generator and soft music from a stereo whose owner had been overtaken by sleep, rising and falling with snores. In the bright, stainless dining room the coffeepot was hot, its red eye glowing. Next to it a table was loaded with cookies, doughnuts, sweet rolls, apples, oranges and bananas.

For some reason it was the bananas that seemed to be bursting with significance, like a complicated dream or a mystic's point of flame. It was as if there had never been such an exquisite symbol of human ingenuity as a giant pile of bananas lying on a spotless table in a stuffy room on the north slope of the Brooks Range. For a surrealistic moment the bananas seemed balanced on the great mountain of labor, energy and calculation that brought them up from Costa Rica.

The bananas served as a catalyst for thought. Every species has a kind of biological heartland, a niche in which it is well adapted to live by using the resources found there. Changes in the environment created by inhuman forces or by the activities of competitive creatures may drive the species out of the heartland into the margins of its range, where survival may be possible for a time but is difficult. More commonly, creatures become too numerous and compete with each other for the heartland resources and in consequence force themselves into the margins.

White-tailed deer have provided examples of this phenomenon. A few good years, in terms of population growth, may be followed by several terrible ones. The inflated population will exhaust the depleted resources, stripping forage from the land, even digging out the roots of plants. Then the herds will move into marginal places—swamps, heavily shaded forests, upper elevations—where they must use increasing amounts of energy to obtain decreasing amounts of food. A sign of their predicament is something

CONTINUED

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cuffed a browse line. A browse line is created in a forest at about the height of an adult deer's jaws, if the deer is standing upright on its hind legs. Below the line roots, leaves, stems, bark, even small branches will be stripped bare by the desperate animal.

Sometimes a species will be overwhelmed by the hardships of marginal existence and will disappear from the area, or disappear forever, everywhere. More commonly, the crisis will drastically reduce the size of the community and the vigor of the survivors. They will linger on in enfeebled circumstances until such time as the heartland resources are replenished by natural processes. No matter what the outcome, dependence on marginal habitat is invariably a sign of a species in trouble. Individuals, in search of stimulation or by accident, may wander into the hinterlands, even live there, but substantial numbers of a species appear in the margins only because of blight of one sort or another in their home territory.

The north slope of the Brooks Range always has been exceedingly marginal so far as humans are concerned. This is obvious on top of an ice sheet in a nylon tent in a storm in Angun Canyon. It is less obvious in a Galbraith Lake pipeline camp insulated by conveniences and comforts, but it may be no less true. Awesome amounts of effort and energy were expended to get all those things to the tundra and keep them there at the end of a long, complicated, vulnerable lifeline. A pile of Costa Rican bananas on the banks of Galbraith Lake is a marvel, a wonderful testimonial to the power and genius of man. But it is also possible that the bananas are the equivalent of a human browse line, an obvious sign that there is trouble in the heartland.

PRUDHOE BAY: When it is operative, the Prudhoe Bay field will occupy about a quarter of a million acres between the multichanneled mouths of the Sagavanirktok and Kuparuk rivers. This is delta country, a flat, frozen plain of gravel and silt washed down from the Brooks Range. Wells 9,000 feet deep are needed to reach the oil, which lies under gravel and 2,000 feet of permafrost. In comparison to others, the Prudhoe reservoir is considered a shallow, easily accessible one since a 1 1/4-mile drill is now common-place for oilmen.

The field is leased by 11 firms. However, two of these companies—ARCO and British Petroleum—because of the size of their holdings and degree of their interest have been designated as the field operators. They will work and manage the field, while the other participants in the consortium will share expenses and profits in proportion to their holdings. For production purposes Prudhoe has been divided in half, an East Section to be operated by ARCO and the West Section which will be BP country. The substantial involvement of British Petroleum (48% of whose stock is owned by the British government) in the Alaska oil operation has given rise to some chauvinistic sniping. A principal argument advanced by oilmen was that the Prudhoe field must be opened to make the United States less dependent upon foreigners for fossil fuel. The major role of BP in the Arctic, as well as persistent rumors that much of the British oil produced in Alaska will be sold in Japan, has tended to turn this argument back against the oilmen.

Presently ARCO and BP have drilled some 60 wells at Prudhoe. All but one, an ARCO well being used to supply on-the-spot energy for base operations, have been capped. It is estimated that 180 to 200 wells will be needed to pump out the oil at the two-million-barrel-a-day rate that has been projected. The drilling of new wells is waiting on the trans-Alaska pipeline, which will provide a means of disposing of the oil. As yet no provision has been made for transporting the 36 trillion cubic feet of natural gas associated with the Prudhoe oil. Two competitive gas pipeline companies are drumming up support for their projects and routes—one through Canada, the other through Alaska—but until this matter is settled natural gas released in conjunction with the oil drilling will be pumped back underground, stored in the field itself.

About 100 miles of gravel road, two airstrips and docking facilities on the Beaufort Sea have been built and much of the material needed for the oil operation has already been delivered. ARCO has in place its first flow station, an intricate, computerized facility that will separate oil from gas, monitor the flow and send the oil to the pipeline inlet. Also on location at a yard two miles south of the ocean is a great pile of made-in-Japan steel pipe, which when welded

together will make up the northernmost 168 miles of the oil line.

ARCO has the most elaborate base camp. It is a prefabricated modular unit complex that can now accommodate 200 employees and can be expanded to service 500. Not inappropriately, considering its comforts and luxuries, it is called the ARCO Hilton. However, the ARCO base camp soon will lose its distinction as the showplace of the Far North. British Petroleum has nearly completed its compound, a very cool glass and steel structure that will feature a swimming pool, ball field and a live, 40-foot spruce tree in the lobby. The BP tree, already in place, has been named the Prudhoe Bay National Forest.

Some of the Prudhoe material has been flown in but the bulk of its 290,000 tons (at \$125 per ton in shipping rates) has been brought in by sea on barge trains that operate frantically during the five ice-free weeks of midsummer. No one has calculated, or at least announced the results of any calculations, as to how much energy has been used to bring pipe from Japan, computers from New York and bananas from Costa Rica, to this ultimate margin of North America. It has obviously been a very large, coal-to-Newcastle operation, a lot of East Texas, Venezuelan and Arabian oil having been burned preparatory to getting the Arctic oil. It has been estimated that once the oil begins to flow out of Prudhoe, some 5% of the fossil fuel extracted will be used to send it from the Beaufort Sea to Valdez.

THE SPECTACLED EIDER DUCK: Lloyd Madison grew up around the California fields and says he never gave much thought to any line of work other than the oil business. An ARCO supervisor, he has been at Prudhoe for more than three years. Madison was sent north as a construction boss, and has become the resident expert on environmental regulations. He tells a story:

"Last year some of the boys found this duck. It was a peculiar-looking bird with white patches around its eyes like it was wearing goggles. It seemed pretty sick. We brought it in and put it in a box to keep it warm and got it to eat scraps from the kitchen. The bird got stronger. By that time all the other ducks had left here and somebody said this one must have missed the migration because it was sick. So we crated it up and put it on the plane

continued



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for Anchorage, but the ducks had left there, too, so we sent this one on down to Seattle. Some of our people took it outside the city to a sanctuary and let it go. A little while later a ranger tells us this was a spectacled eider duck, a kind that doesn't really migrate and very seldom gets south of the Aleutians. So there that poor bastard was, about 2,000 miles from home. But we sure as hell tried."

Madson tells the story as a joke on himself and the others at Prudhoe Bay. But beyond their dumbness about ducks, the point of the story is that oilmen have become jittery to the point of silliness about charges of environmental insensitivity. This was not always the case. In the beginning the feeling was that the only people who could possibly object to pumping Prudhoe oil were a few members of the lunatic fringe. There was, for example, one Henry Pratt, not an oilman per se but a strong oil supporter who happened to be the executive assistant to the then Governor of Alaska, Keith Miller. Regarding oil and Alaska,

Pratt once was moved to declare publicly, "Hell, this country's so goddamn big that even if industry ran wild we could never wreck it. We can have our cake and eat it, too."

Nowadays oilmen and their associates would no more say what Pratt did than sing dirty lyrics to the tune of *The Yellow Rose of Texas*. They have learned that if their opponents are lunatics, they are numerous, articulate and, when it comes to political and legal infighting, crafty. It is stupid to stir up these passionate people with gratuitous one-liners about eating cake.

The oil industry is currently projecting, by soft words and good deeds, an image of environmental responsibility. Back in Los Angeles at ARCO headquarters there is a new environmental department. It is supervised by molders-of-public-opinion types but includes a marine biologist and a plant ecologist, both personable, idealistic young women. ARCO also has hired Angus Gavin, a naturalist, and sent him to Prudhoe Bay to see

what effect oil operations might have on caribou. Very briefly, Gavin has reported that the operations will have little adverse effect on the animals. Now it is all but impossible to come out of an ARCO installation without a copy of the Gavin report.

Alyeska, the pipeline builder, has redrawn portions of its survey to avoid biological and archaeological rarities. And it also has a nature squad, a group of inspectors who will fly the route to make sure the job is as environmentally pure as possible. Pipeline and oil camps, offices, even vehicles, are festooned with posters and stickers, the purpose of which is either to announce that oilmen respect the environment or to warn oilmen to respect the environment.

Oil spokesmen suggest that in its own fashion the industry loves Mother Earth as well as anyone and that left to its own devices Big Oil would have treated the Arctic lands gently. This may be so, but as a result of the Arctic oil debate a number of restraints have been placed on the



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operators, designed to make them behave. State and federal regulations spell out how the producers and transporters must conduct themselves in regard to permafrost, tundra, watersheds, marine estuaries, Arctic flora and fauna, native populations, archaeological sites, etc. It may prove, as some environmentalists fear, that these restrictions are not sufficiently stringent, but in general they represent more concern than has ever before been expressed for the impact of a major engineering project on the environment.

Also specified are how the producers will be punished (principally by fines, indemnities and work stoppages) if they violate, by accident or design, the stipulations. Already a company with a contract to clean up after some of the preliminary Prudhoe Bay construction has been sued for \$150,000 for allowing its vehicles to cross and disfigure a mile and a half of out-of-bounds tundra. The feeling among the producers is that unless they police themselves carefully there will be more of this; that the multi-billion-dollar oilfield and pipeline projects will attract \$15,000-a-year land managers, pollution sleuths and naturalists as a caribou does wolves and that these inspectors will be eager to expose environmental misdemeanors and felonies.

Occasionally in secluded petroleum offices and clubs oilmen muse about the cost of the whole environmental ball of wax: of keeping levies of P.R. men, lawyers and plant ecologists; of laying down roads and pipelines, not necessarily where and when it is most convenient; of designing, installing and operating anti-spill, anti-earthquake, anti-pollution systems; of letting several billion dollars of leases, equipment, facilities and men stand idle while the environmental proprieties were debated. Off-hand estimates are that these and other things will run up the cost of producing Arctic oil by 25% to 10%. At the moment this is speculation, but inevitably the oil industry will itemize these costs—"Services: three caribou watchers..."; "Preserving: two aboriginal hunting camps..." A total will be brought down and included on the old expense account, which will be presented to and paid, unless the world has gone to hell, by everyone who buys Arctic oil. The price of the oil will be X (the traditional, let-er-rip production costs and profits) plus Y (the environmental expense account). In

this equation the Y is the figure placed on the value of at least part of the Arctic wilderness. It is the price we are willing to pay to protect it. It is also, since oilmen are our agents, the figure for which we are willing to sell this portion of the wilderness.

AN OILMAN: Bill Walters is ARCO's Prudhoe Bay field coordinator; that is, he is the boss of operations at the camp. Technically he is the field boss half the time, since ARCO rotates its employees on weekly and biweekly schedules. One group of men is flown home to Anchorage, Fairbanks or Point Barrow, while another crew is brought in. A big, dignified Oklahoman, Walters has spent his adult life in oil. He is not the kind of man who is going to call anyone a ——— ecologist or tease about throwing him out in the snow. In the first place, that is not his nature or style. In the second place, during the long waiting period at Prudhoe, one of Walters' jobs has been to entertain and explain the operation to visitors, many of whom, if not ecologists, have not been knee-jerk pro-oil people. Walters is effective in this part of his job. He is unabashedly an oilman and does not find it necessary to offer tortuous excuses to justify accepting his ARCO paycheck. He gives the impression that he regards his line of work as being as rational, constructive and dignified as, say, courting voters, exploiting the law or telling stories for pay.

Walters says, yes, he feels that in the Arctic oil debate substantive points were raised by the environmentalists. However, they may have continued to raise them long after everyone admitted they were substantive. In this way the debate unnecessarily delayed oil production and may raise oil prices. In general, the best thing environmentalists have done is make everyone aware that natural resources are finite. On the other hand, it is clear that man, like any other animal, needs to consume resources. Until something better comes along, we have a real need for oil. Walters does not think pumping oil from Prudhoe will cause environmental havoc because: 1) the oil operation will occupy such a small portion of the land; 2) getting oil is a relatively clean extractive operation. A well shaft goes deep underground but it affects only a small surface area. In comparison to highways, railroads and airports, a pipeline is also relatively innoc-

uous. In the United States there are hundreds of miles of pipeline going through and under farms, forests and recreation areas. The lines do not foreclose other land uses and most people are not even aware that they are there; 3) the oil operators have taken extraordinary pains to design the Arctic operation so that environmental risks will be reduced to an absolute minimum.

"You have probably heard the argument that no matter how safe the trans-Alaska operation is, it will still ruin the Brooks Range, simply by being there."

"Yes, I have heard that and I don't really know how to answer it rationally because it is not, in my opinion, a rational objection. If a pipeline five miles away, something he can't see or hear or smell or otherwise sense, is going to ruin a man's experience, then I suppose there isn't much that can be done about it. He will suffer. I wonder how many people there are like that. You have seen that country. It is very scenic but it is very hard to get into and harder still to live in once you are there. I suspect maybe only a hundred or so people venture into the Brooks Range in a year. They are exceptional people, active and affluent. I don't doubt that this form of recreation is important and satisfying for them. I doubt, however, that their pleasure should be given priority over the real need of millions of people."

"Do you think wilderness has any general value?"

"I think it has considerable value. I am not as active as I once was but on our vacation my wife and I very much enjoy visiting wilderness areas, our national parks and forests. I think a sign that we as a people value them is that we spend a lot of money and labor to preserve these areas. We have rangers managing our forests, improving their vigor, protecting them from fire. We cut trails, establish camp areas so that they can be enjoyed by larger numbers. Actually I think a long-term benefit of the oil operation here at Prudhoe is that it may open some of the state's vast wilderness areas so that more people can enjoy the experience that our environmental friends tell us about."

SIERRA GO HOME: These words appear on a bumper sticker often seen on Alaskan highways. It reflects the belief that by now oil would have been flowing, and riches, too, were it not for the

continued

activities of outside agitators among whom Sierra Clubbers are thought to be archetypical. Debbie is the kind of person the exhibitors of this bumper sticker have in mind. After graduating from the University of California she worked in San Francisco at the Sierra Club's national headquarters. She came to Alaska two years ago on a visit and did some backpacking north of the Yukon. In the spring of 1973 she got a job guiding hiking parties in the Brooks Range. When the freeze came she moved to Fairbanks and found a job as a cocktail waitress, which enabled her to stay in Alaska waiting for the next season of skiing, packing and climbing in the Arctic mountains.

Debbie is of a type, though a fairly small, rare one. It is composed of thirtyish people, for some reason more often women than men, who were very much caught up in the restless youth movement of the mid-1960s. They seem to have been purified by the acid tests of those days rather than driven into radical chic or cynicism as so many of their contempo-

raries were. They are articulate, passionate people who have turned to a kind of gentle, clinical humanism and are preoccupied with living virtuous private lives—who seem to be forever examining their own actions to determine whether they are sufficiently honest, open and tender. In many ways the Debbie's seem over-qualified not only as tour guides and cocktail waitresses but for our times. Having come across one, a person would be a damn fool to ask her to go home. The Debbie's vary, of course, but many of them are cut along the lines of this Debbie, tall and straight. She has straight features, straight hair, straight clothes, is a straight talker, a straight woman.

"This is how the Brooks Range affected me," she said. "In the beginning I was frightened, not at all sure that I could take care of myself and not get lost or mauled by a bear. Then gradually I found that I could get along, that there was more to me than I thought, and this, of course, gave a great lift to my pride. After that came the feeling that I was super-

sensitive, very aware of everything around me, of what I was and might be. I was excited by the rare and unusual things I was seeing, feeling, and by the beauty of the place. I cannot explain it any better than to say I experienced joy in the Brooks Range. Others seem to undergo the same metamorphosis."

"But can you equate this ephemeral state that a few can experience with the practical benefit oil has for many?"

"Well I'm not so sure about those practical general benefits. The people who are going to benefit are those who make a lot of money from oil, and I don't think there are more of them than backpackers. The oil people say, 'Look, we have a shortage, we are going to have to live in colder, darker houses, drive less and slower. If we open up Alaska, strip the coal of Wyoming, do some other things, we can go back to the good old warm, bright days.' This is like an addict looking for another fix. It may be easy but I am not sure it is practical. If we got less oil and used less, we would

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certainly have a cleaner, healthier place. Maybe if it wasn't so easy, we would find something better to do with ourselves than getting our kicks by turning on switches.

"They say they will pump the Prudhoe field dry in 30 years. Maybe the most practical thing would be to leave it there for now. Maybe we will find better energy or that we were living better without as much oil. But even if none of this turned out to be right, if we couldn't kick the oil habit, then it would still be there and we might need it more in 2004 than we do now."

"You've heard it, maybe you invented it, that the pipeline will ruin the idea of the wilderness, even if it doesn't do much physical damage."

"I didn't invent it, but I feel that way. You've been in Atigun. You know it wouldn't be the same place if all you had to do was park your car and walk in 15 minutes from the road. If it were just the pipeline, maybe it might not be so bad. But they are talking about building a sec-

ond pipeline from Prudhoe and there will be gas lines. There is going to be a road along the pipeline and that may be the worst thing of all. People are going to drive in to see the scenery and have a little adventure. They are going to need service stations and restaurants, hotels, motels, campgrounds, trails, side roads. I am not knocking it. Central Park is a kind of wilderness for a lot of people and a good thing to have. Yellowstone and Yosemite are another kind of experience. But it is a bad thing if this is all we can afford to have. It is a kind of continuum. At one end may be Central Park and toward the other something like the Brooks Range where you have to work to get in, test your body and mind to have the kind of joy I was trying to tell you about. Not many people can have that kind of experience at any one time, but as long as you keep it, everyone, now and in the future, can potentially have the experience. If it is messed up it is gone forever. There will be no opportunity for anyone to experience that kind of plea-

sure. We will have to do without it and I don't think that is progress. It will mean that we are poorer than we are now."

THE SECONDARY HIGHWAY: From Fairbanks south to Valdez pipeline construction crews will, for the most part, utilize existing highways. To the north, between Fairbanks and Prudhoe it will be necessary to build 400 miles of new road that will roughly parallel the pipeline. One of the stipulations attached to the pipeline agreement is that Alyeska must build its construction road to meet specifications of a secondary highway. When the oil begins to flow, Alyeska must turn this road over to the state, which thereafter will maintain it.

"The stipulation requiring a secondary highway was not our idea," says John Ratterman, Alyeska's public affairs director in Anchorage. "When construction is completed we will need only 200 men stationed along the pipeline to oversee it and operate pumping stations. We plan to supply our crews by air. We

continued



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PIPELINE continued

have no need for the road and as a public highway it could cause problems for us. If the world were different, I would like to see development north of the Yukon barred. But with the world as it is, we need oil resources, and the pipeline is justified in terms of the greatest good for the greatest number. The road may be a different matter. I think a public road through the Brooks Range will significantly increase the pressure on wildlife from hunters. Northern Alaska is not Africa. Big-game populations are relatively small and because of the harsh conditions they do not replenish themselves rapidly. I am sure other examples of what impact a road and increased use might have on a fragile environment will occur to you."

Bruce Campbell is the Alaska State Highway Commissioner, a veteran politician with the moves and manner of such.

"Was there any particular pressure from sportsmen's groups, miners, the tourist industry, for the state to take over the Alyeska road?"

"Not in any organized way. It just seemed to most people that in a state as underdeveloped as ours it made good sense to promote a major addition to our highway system when the opportunity presented itself. Great numbers of our citizens live 100 miles or more from the nearest road. I am sure the highway will be beneficial for many of the groups you mention. The mining industry has not had much incentive to develop in the Brooks Range because there has been no economical way to get ore out. The road will presumably open new areas for your average recreational hunter. There will be tourist use. A lot of people who drive their campers and trailers up from Iowa and places like that are going to see this road on a map and they are not going to be able to resist heading north and dipping their hands in the Arctic Ocean. It will be the only road on the continent that gives them that opportunity."

A SECOND CHIEF: Minto is an Athabaskan Indian village of 161 people, 60 miles northwest of Fairbanks. It is located on Minto Flats, a forested drainage plain on the south side of the Yukon. The pipeline will cross the Tanana and Tatamna rivers, the Globe, Washington, Chatonika and Gold creeks, all of which empty into Minto Flats. Richard Frank has been Second Chief of Minto and the

representative of his people at federal hearings. He says: "The people of Minto depend on the food that we hunt and trap and fish. We have moose and rabbit and ptarmigan, and we have wild berries, blueberries and what we call high bush berries."

"We get up in the morning and are on the trail by about 6 a.m. looking for fresh moose tracks. After you've wounded a moose you have to stick with him until you get him even if it takes a week. The first thing our children look for when we come home is blood on our moccasins. If there's none, they know that you came back empty-handed—and that they must go hungry."

"We have been fighting to protect our land for a long time. Ten years ago there were plans to put a road into Minto Flats for the sole purpose of sports hunting and sports fishing. This road was going directly into the hunting region of the Minto people. We finally got the opportunity to appear in Fairbanks and this road was not built. With today's pipeline we are faced with something a thousand times more serious. If we had a spill in the pipeline it would pollute the waters and the lakes and therefore would hurt the animals that live on these lakes and waterways. If you kill off all the animals, they cannot be rebuilt. The land that's been damaged by oil cannot be rebuilt. These are the things that we fear would be lost forever."

In 35 years or so an ancient phenomenon, the great pool of oil that has lain under the permafrost for longer than man has been man, will disappear into heat, light, speed and smog. Like seismic survey lines across the tundra, this extractive operation will produce an intricate network of cause and effect, changing land and life. (We might have left the oil where it was, and this, too, might have set in motion formidable waves of change.)

In the Arctic oil debate there was much talk about values—of oil, of wilderness, of consumption, of self-restraint. All value talk can be reduced to expressions of prejudice and personal interest because we do not really know whether a man should have moose blood or oil stains on his boots, whether he should be in Central Park or Atigun Canyon. We cannot assess change because the basic puzzle of humankind remains unsolved. We do not know—and have never known—what man should be.

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week March 11-17

COLLEGE BASKETBALL—MORGAN STATE topped Southwest Missouri 67-52 to become the first team in 17 years to win a championship in its first try in the NCAA College Division finals.

WEYLAND BAPTIST COLLEGE grabbed its sixth straight title in the National Women's Invitational at Amarillo, Texas, dethroning John F. Kennedy College 39-52 JPK, defending AAU champion, has lost the last three Amarillo tournaments to the Texas Queens.

Fight teams survived opening-round competition at the 57th annual National Invitational Tournament at Madison Square Garden. MARYLAND, EASTERN SHORE, PURDUE, JACKSONVILLE, HAWAII, UTAH, CONNECTICUT, BOSTON COLLEGE and MEMPHIS STATE.

WFO BASKETBALL—NBA: There is not one more room at the top in the West. Milwaukee, Chicago and Detroit have locked up playoff spots, and now only the Pacific champions will make it. The Golden State Warriors, who have been the most consistent team in the league, moved a bit closer by snapping a varied string of losses with the Lakers (123-107) and (115-105). Curly Russell led the scorers with 33 and 34, and George Johnson had 20 and 21. The Los Angeles Lakers, who have been the Eastern Conference also will open the "second round" of the playoffs with three teams from the division. Boston, New York and Philadelphia will be the first round matchups with a 123-112 victory. Philadelphia's first round opponent will be the Boston Celtics. Boston improved its record with a 4-1 win, and the Knicks' only concern is keeping such home-court advantage. The New York Knicks will play the Los Angeles Lakers. Atlanta's Wali Reddick scored 50 points in a 126-105 victory over Seattle to become the league's most leading defense scorer. And Portland's Steve Nisely scored 30 points in a 126-105 victory over the Seattle SuperSonics. The Seattle SuperSonics are closer to losing the draft rights to Bill Walton.

ABA With playoff time looming ever closer, coaches remained tight for top spots in the East—and for the bottom one in the West. A five-way race for the fifth seed in the West unfolded among Kentucky, Three were nearly tied at 52-30, with Indiana and Utah tied for fourth at 53-29. Two-way battles, a 128-117 double-overtime contest with the Colorado Avalanche. Dr. J led all scorers with 39, and against Kentucky he had 24 points, 10 rebounds and 10 assists. The top double the twanglike banjo of injured *Biggie* Pauls. In the West, playoff-bound Utah was touchily beaten by Indiana, New York and Canada. The New York Nets also added missed minutes to the season's end, losing to the Pistons and the Lakers in series on the club's history. The rest of the West looked for position. San Antonio climbing over California 100-90 to move into fourth as Detroit lagged to the bottom.

HOWLINE—JOHNNY GUENTHER, of Seattle, rose from 11th place to defeat Tacoma's veteran Earl Anthony 225-395 and won the \$85,000 Lonsdale-Mercury Open at Denver, earning \$10,000 for his eighth PGA triumph.

BOXING—ROBERTO DURAN knocked out Esteban De Jesus in the 11th of a scheduled 15-round bout at Panama City to regain his world lightweight title and average his only loss in 42 fights.

WHEATY — A. Keeping up with the times, Toronto's Gotha Gilles Gratton became the first WHA streetcar, suffering along his home rink in masks and skates only, as a team practice. But fully dressed, these were fierce laughs. The Toros lost to Quebec 3-2 in the first round of the playoffs. The team's first leader New England. The only Whalers lost came from Chicago, 3-1 as the Cougars moved to win three games of a playoff berth with plenty of help from Ralph Backstrom as the veteran center scored twice in the second round. The team's first leader New England. The only Whalers lost came from Chicago, 3-1 as the Cougars moved to win three games of a playoff berth with plenty of help from Ralph Backstrom as the veteran center scored twice in the second round. The team's first leader New England. The only Whalers lost came from Chicago, 3-1 as the Cougars moved to win three games of a playoff berth with plenty of help from Ralph Backstrom as the veteran center scored twice in the second round.

[illegible]

HORROR HORROR—HUDSON COUNTY GRILLER won the \$51,800 seven-furlong Bay Shore Handicap at Aqueduct ridden by Mike Nuzzi, the Derby eligible led all the way, finishing 1 1/4 lengths ahead of Frankie Adams. Preigerson, in his first start of 1974, finished a distant fourth on a sloppy track.

Polo—The UNIVERSITY OF CONNECTICUT rallied to win its third national intercollegiate indoor championship, defeating Cornell 18-14.

BREND—World Cup downhill champ ANNEMARIE MOSER-PROELL of Austria, who had not won a slalom in three years, won two in as many days at the Nations World Series of Slalom at Aspen. Italian GUSTAVO THONDI captured the men's event.

House—**FRANCIS VOSTERS** and **HALSEY SPRUANCE**, a mother-daughter team, won the U.S. squash racquet doubles title at the Philadelphia Cricket Club for the third consecutive year. Mrs. Spruance also is the current national singles champion.

TENNIS—The \$40,000 Fales Beach Masters tournament closed with a \$10,000 reward for both the teacher and the pupil as PANCHIO GONZALEZ and JIMMY CONNORS beat Pancho Segura and Clark Gesebre 3-6, 6-2, 7-5 in the final.

WARNING—Only 2% points separated four teams going into the NCAA finals, but OKLAHOMA edged past Michigan. Big Eight champion Oklahoma State and defending NCAA (III) Iowa State for a down-to-the-wire war.

REPORTS - AWARDED A World Football League franchise, to be named the Philadelphia Bell, to JACK B. KELLY JR., former Olympic chairman and AAU president.

JOB HUNTING: Boston Bruins Center DEREK SANDERSON, suspended for the remainder of the NHL season and the Stanley Cup playoffs and advised by management to "shop around."

NAMED WAYNE YATES, as head basketball coach at Memphis State, to succeed Gene Bartow. Yates starred at center for the Tigers in 1979-88, played for the NBA Los Angeles Lakers and the now-defunct ABA Oakland Oaks and had been Bartow's assistant for the last four years.

RESIGNED: JIM SNYDER, 54, after 25 years as head basketball coach at Ohio University, compiling a 354-245 career record and leading the Bobcats to seven Mid-American Conference titles and seven appearances in the NCAA tournaments. Dale Rundy, an assistant, replaces him.

CREDIT

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34 - Ed L. William Brown 35 - Sam Sign 36

FACES IN THE CROWD



JOSEPH HENDRZAK Jr., a sophomore at Lehigh, defeated the university's C/D/C-6400 computer 3-0 in a best-of-five chess tournament, outsmarting a program that has won the national computer chess championship the past two years. He has been playing since young



WANDA OLIVER, of Eastern Washington State, in Cheney, broke a National Rifle Association small-bore mark and also U.S. women's records by hitting 300s/300 plus four 10s from standing position. The ROTC cadet tied the 20-shot kneeling record of 199.



TOM JOHNSTON, 14, of Davey Junior High School, Ohio, ended a three-year wrestling career with a 24-1-1 record (13-0 this season) and a second straight 78-pound title in the Kent Freshman Invitational. He holds the school mark for fastest run—12 seconds.



REMIN MULLEN, a senior at William Tennent High in Warminster, Pa., led her swim team to a 15-0 record and league championship, closing the season at the Pennsylvania high school competition with state and national marks of 24.5 for the 50-yard freestyle.



ELIJAH EMANUEL, a freshman forward at North Florida Junior College in Madison, set a school single-game scoring record of 55, hitting 22 of 29 field goals against Florida College, bringing his season average to 18.2 points for the 22-41 Seminals.



STAN WISNIEWSKI Jr., 15, of Sierra Madre, Calif., smashed the Junior Boys' 16-lap national indoor speed-skating record by almost four seconds at the state championships in Anaheim, covering the mile at Glencier Falls Ice Arena in 2:32.1.

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Volkswagen 412 Wagon	M1	27.9	Volkswagen Super Beetle	M1	20.9	MGB	M4	18.7
Toyota Corolla 1200 Coupe	M4	27.1	Toyota Corolla 1600 Sedan	A2	20.8	Toyota Corolla SR Sedan	M4	18.1
Lotus Europa Special	M5	25.2	Datsun 710	A3	20.7	Toyota Corolla SR Sedan	A3	18.1
Datsun B210	M1	24.9	Datsun 610	M4	20.6	Volvo 415	M4	18.1
Toyota Corolla 1200 Sedan	M4	24.8	Fiat X1/9	M1	20.4	Opel Manta	M4	18.2
Volkswagen 412 Wagon	A3	24.6	BMW 2002 i	M4	20.3	Fiat 124 Special TC	A3	18.2
Chevrolet Vega Hatchback	M3	24.6	Fiat 124 Special TC	M4	20.2	Fiat 128 Wagon	M4	17.8
Lotus Europa	M4	24.5	Ford Mustang	M1	20.1	Fiat 121 Wagon	A3	17.1
Volkswagen Dasher Sedan	M4	24.3	Datsun 710	M4	20.0	Porsche 911 T	M5	17.5
Volkswagen Dasher Wagon	A3	23.7	Mazda 808 Coupe	M4	20.0	Renault 17 TL Coupe	M4	17.5
Volkswagen Dasher Sedan	A3	23.3	Chevrolet Vega Panel	M4	20.0	Volvo 112	M5	17.5
Triumph Spitfire	M4	23.1	Express	M3	20.0	Fiat 128 Sedan	M4	17.1
Ford Pinto	M1	22.8	Chevrolet Vega Hatchback	A3	20.0	Chevrolet Vega Hatchback	M1	17.1
Dodge Colt Wagon	M1	22.8	Lincoln-Mercury Comet	M3	19.9	Ford Mustang	M1	17.3
Dodge Colt Coupe	A3	22.7	Opel Manta Rallye	M4	19.8	Porsche 911 S	M5	17.2
Subaru Wagon	M4	22.7	Lincoln-Mercury Capri	M4	19.8	Ford Pinto	A3	17.1
Toyota Corolla 1600 Sedan	M4	22.6	Datsun 610	A3	19.8	Peugeot 504 Sedan	A3	17.0
Volkswagen Convertible	SA	22.6	Alfa Romeo 2000 GTV	M5	19.7	Volvo 111	A3	17.0
BMW 2002	A3	22.6	Renault 12 Sedan	M4	19.7	Ford Mustang	A3	16.9
Dodge Colt Coupe	M1	22.5	Volkswagen Kombo 22	M4	19.6	Lincoln-Mercury Capri	A3	16.9
MG Midget	M4	22.1	(Microbus)	M4	19.6	Porsche 911 S	SA	16.9
Datsun B210	A3	22.2	Chevrolet Vega Hatchback	A3	19.6	Triumph TR-6	M4	16.9
Renault 17 Gordini	M5	22.2	Subaru LE	M4	19.4	Peugeot 504 Sedan	M4	16.8
Renault 12 Wagon	A3	22.2	Toyota Mark II Wagon	A3	19.4	Plymouth Valiant Duster	A3	16.7
Audi Fox	M1	22.0	Alfa Romeo 2000 GTV	M5	19.1	Ford Maverick	A3	16.7
Dodge Colt Wagon	A3	21.9	Renault 12 Sedan	A3	19.1	Ford Pinto Wagon	A3	16.6
Honda Civic	SA	21.8	Porsche 911 T	M4	19.1	MGB/GT	M1	16.3
Subaru 97	M4	21.7	TVR 2500 M	M4	19.0	Datsun 2600Z	M1	16.2
Volkswagen Karmann Ghia	M4	21.7	Volkswagen Kombo 22	(Microbus)	A3	Porsche 911 T	M5	16.1
Subaru Coupe	M1	21.5	Mazda 808 Coupe	A3	19.0	Audi 100	M4	16.1
Toyota Corolla 1600 Wagon	A3	21.1		A3	18.9	Subaru LE	A3	16.1
						Fiat 121 Sport Coupe	M5	16.0
						Dodge Dart	A3	16.0
						AMC Gremlin	A3	15.9
						Datsun 2600Z	A3	15.8
						Chevrolet Nova Hatchback	A3	15.7
						AMC Gremlin	M3	15.6
						Ford Mustang	A3	15.6
						Lincoln-Mercury Comet	A3	15.5
						AMC Hornet Sportabout	A3	15.5
						Chevrolet Vega Panel	M1	15.1
						Express	M1	15.1
						Toyota Mark II Sedan	A3	15.1
						Toyota Mark II Wagon	A3	15.2
						Toyota Mark II Sedan	M1	15.2
						Chevrolet Nova Hatchback	A3	15.2
						AMC Hornet Sedan	A3	14.7
						Volvo 164	A3	14.5
						Mercedes-Benz 230	A4	14.3
						Mercedes-Benz 280	A4	14.1
						Ford Torino	A3	14.0
						BMW Bavaria	M4	13.8

Checker Sedan	A3	13.8	Buick Century Wagon	A3	9.7	Pontiac LeMans Safari	A3	8.6
Volvo 164	M5	13.4	Jaguar E Type V-12	A3	9.7	Escalibur II	A3	8.5
AMC Gremlin	M4	13.2	Buick Estate Wagon	A3	9.6	Dodge Sport Wagon	A3	8.5
AMC Javelin	M3	13.2	Chevrolet Caprice Wagon	A3	9.6	Pontiac Grand Safari	A3	8.4
BMW Bavaria	A3	12.7	Lincoln-Mercury Cougar	A3	9.5	Oldsmobile Toronado	A3	8.3
Plymouth Valiant Duster	M3	12.5	Ford Wagon	A3	9.5	Buick Electra 225	A3	8.3
AMC Matador	A3	12.4	Oldsmobile Cutlass			Pontiac Catalina Safari	A3	8.3
AMC Matador Wagon	A3	12.3	Supreme	A3	9.5	Jensen Interceptor	A3	8.2
AMC Javelin	A3	12.1	Pontiac LeMans	M4	9.4	Pontiac Grand Ville	A3	8.1
Citroen SM	A4	11.9	Rolls Royce Silver Shadow	A3	9.3	Mercury Wagon	A3	8.1
Plymouth Satellite	M4	11.8	Pontiac Catalina	A3	9.2	Lincoln Continental	A3	7.9
AMC Hornet	M3	11.7	Pontiac LeMans	A3	9.2	Maserati 120	M5	7.8
Plymouth Satellite	A3	11.6	Buick Grand Sport	A3	9.1	Pontiac Bonneville	A3	7.8
Maserati Born	M5	11.6	Chrysler	A3	9.1	Chevrolet Chevelle Laguna	M4	7.6
Ford Torino Wagon	A3	11.4	Oldsmobile Delta 88 Royal	A3	9.0	Oldsmobile 98 Regency	A3	7.6
Lincoln-Mercury			Pontiac Ventura GTO	A3	8.9	Oldsmobile Delta 88 Wagon	A3	7.6
Montego Wagon	A3	11.4	Pontiac Ventura GTO	M4	8.9	Lamborghini Jarama	M5	7.3
Citroen SM	M5	11.2	Chrysler Wagon	A3	8.9	Lamborghini Espada	M5	7.2
Avanti Coupe	A3	11.0	Plymouth Fury Wagon	A3	8.9	Ferrari 365 GTB-4	M5	6.5
Chevrolet Impala			Cadillac DeVille	A3	8.9			
Sports Sedan	A3	11.0	Buick Regal	A3	8.8			
Lincoln-Mercury Montego	M3	11.0	Pontiac Grand Am	A3	8.8			
AMC Javelin	M4	10.8	Chevrolet Caprice Classic	A3	8.8			
AMC Ambassador	A3	10.8	Oldsmobile Vista Cruiser	A3	8.7			
Mazda RX 3 Wagon	M4	10.8	Cadillac Fleetwood	A3	8.7			
Ford	A3	10.7	Pontiac Trans Am	M4	8.6			
Mazda RX 3 Coupe	A3	10.7						
Mazda RX 2 Coupe	M4	10.6						
Mercedes-Benz 450	A3	10.6						
Mazda RX 4 Wagon	M1	10.4						
Ford Panther	M5	10.4						
Buick Century 250	A3	10.4						
Buick LeSabre	A3	10.4						
Cadillac Eldorado	A3	10.4						
Mazda RX 4 Coupe	A3	10.3						
Jaguar E Type V-12	M4	10.3						
Oldsmobile Cutlass	A3	10.3						
Chevrolet Impala Custom								
Coupe	A3	10.3						
Pontiac Trans Am	A3	10.3						
Ferrari Dino 246 GT	M5	10.3						
Chevrolet Impala Estate								
Wagon	A3	10.3						
Pontiac Ventura	A3	10.3						
Lincoln-Mercury Montego	A3	10.3						
Chevrolet Malibu Classic	A3	10.3						
Pontiac LeMans	A3	10.3						
Ford Torino	M4	10.3						

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19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

SUPER KID

Sir:

Does Pete Rose view everything he does as a test of his manhood? His remarks concerning the Superstars competition (*And a Little Child Shall Lead Them*, March 11), particularly those aimed at denigrating the baseball hitting efforts of Stan Smith, are nothing more than sour grapes. Surely no one believes that the scoring standards devised by the promoters of Superstars are in any way meant to test proficiency in sport. They are merely means for the participants to gauge their performances against those of fellow competitors. Indeed, the competition is not a test of athletic prowess (whatever that is, if it can be measured), since swimming, which Bob Scagren declared to be the most demanding of sports, was not counted more heavily than, say, golf. Nor can the winner of the overall competition lay claim to the mythical, mystical title of World's Greatest Athlete, as I am sure Kyle Rote Jr. would not. Superstars demonstrated the warmth and humanity of men such as Reggie Jackson, Brian Oldfield and O. J. Simpson. While losers to Rote, they are all equally winners in a larger sense, true superstars.

ARTHUR LAZAR

Pittsburgh

Sir:

Kyle Rote Jr. is the epitome of the American sports hero, the one who shuns the almighty buck and is willing to donate a chunk of his \$50,000 purse to charity when his yearly salary is only \$1,400.

JOHNNY GRANT

Manhasset Hills, N.Y.

SUPER DAD

Sir,

In Mark Mulvoy's article *Superdad Skates Up a Snow*, March 11, he says that Mark Howe is headed for the top rookie award, but I don't see why Gordie shouldn't be the Rookie of the Year; he is in his first WHA season, isn't he?

MARK KILLEY

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sir:

Nice work if you can get it, and Gordie Howe definitely got it! Gordie has defied the laws of nature, persons, etc., by joining the Houston Aeros and is now the bellwether of the club while at the same time providing a guiding and steady influence upon the play of his two sons, Mark and Marty. Not everyone 45 or over can find a suitable position in his particular life's work or endeavor

or these days. It's rough and tough for an older person to maintain the pace of the daily grind or to face a challenge ideally suited to a younger individual. But Gordie Howe is a specialist in his field, which is hockey, and he is proving that fact undeniably. More power and more plays to Gordie.

WILLIAM F. O'BRIEN

Cincinnati

AGONY AND ECSTASY

Sir:

I would like to make a few comments on Jerry Kirshenbaum's article on swimming (*The Agony and Drip-Dry Ecstasy*, March 11). Rather than saying that the training for competitive swimming is more difficult than that for running, it should be noted that conditioning for either sport is difficult, and it would be unfair to say that athletes in one discipline put in more effort than those in the other.

As opposed to the author's view, I have some facts and theories gathered from many discussions I have had with swimmers when I was in college and further information I have picked up in graduate school. 1) For each step a runner takes, he is landing with full body weight; swimmers are supported by the water and have the use of both arms and legs. 2) I have been told that swimmers are in a position for "maximum cardiac return" (easier for blood to return to the heart). 3) Swimmers are in a medium (water) that cools the body efficiently; the temperatures of the exercising muscles in runners reach 40-43° C., which may have harmful effects on energy metabolism. Perhaps the author should equate the 100-meter swim with the 400-meter run or, better still, the 100-yard swim with the 440-yard run because the times are similar. It's much easier for a swimmer to swim 100 yards with maximum effort twice with 20 minutes rest than it is for a runner to make two 440-yard runs. The difference is not in conditioning.

LANNY HECKER

Oak Ridge, Tenn.

IMMEDIATE CATASTROPHE

Sir,

An article lauding a team or individual in SI is like a kiss of death. A cover story: immediate catastrophe. As a devoted Wallpack fan I must beg SI not to do any stories on the North Carolina State basketball team until the NCAA championships are over.

LEONARD PERLMAN

Durham, N.C.

• See cover—ED

Continued

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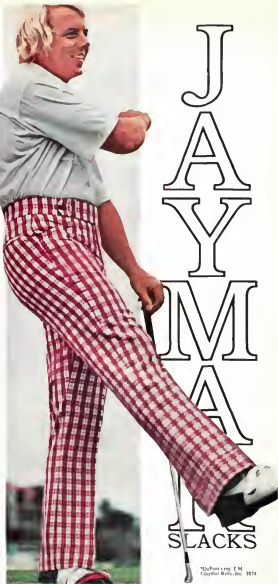
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18TH HOLE

HARVARDIAN HOOPSTERS

By

Critics Phinney is to be commended for his perceptive essay on ex-Celtics Tom Sanders and his nascent coaching success at Harvard *Crossers of Harvard*, March 4). Satch has introduced a novel approach for the Crimson: teamwork, on both ends of the court. His future coaching achievements will quite likely attract national attention in their own right.

Particularly welcome, though, is Phinney's polemic against the deplorable shortage of athletic facilities in Harvard (and Radcliffe) students. His irreverence toward the utilitarian value of eight million books seems a bit hyperbolic, nevertheless, few of them would dispute the importance of a sound body as well as a sound mind. Hoop-happy Harvardians may take hope, however, Harvard President Derek Bok played twelf, watched from the bench) varsity basketball while an undergraduate at Stanford.

HERSIE B. FOX

Cambridge, Mass.

So

I take great exception to the article on Harvard basketball, as I feel the author (class of '42) did not do his homework properly. Our past has not always been as pictured.

In 1945-46 Harvard had a 19-3 record against excellent competition, was declared New England NCAA champion, went to Madison Square Garden as the New England representative in the NCAA tournament and gave a good account of itself. Two members of that team later played with the Celtics, and several others had the opportunity for NBA tryouts. But the large salaries were not available in those days, and the need for earning a living forced several of us to turn to the business world. But don't count Harvard out completely. We gave it its one moment of basketball glory.

WILLIAM H. McDANIEL

Harvard '47

Newark, Va.

FOLLOWING LEADS

So

As an avid follower of football, baseball and particularly basketball, I greatly admire the coverage your excellent magazine gives in these sports every week. It is also refreshing to read, every so often, articles on English sports from the different angle with which your correspondents look at them as compared with what we are used to over here.

As a keen Leeds United supporter for the past 15 years I was most interested in Les Maule's article *There's All Right, Jack* (Feb. 25). I indeed remember when one felt as if one were in a ghost town watching Leeds games. It is with pride I now see Leeds as one of the finest teams in the world. As mentioned in the article, a great deal of

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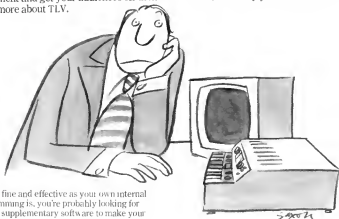
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the credit for this success must go to Manager Don Revie; he would stand alongside Lombardi, Shula, Auerbach and Wooden in this context, with the exception that he lacks the little bit of luck that even they have needed at some time or other. That is why though Leeds has been England's most consistent team over the past decade it has won only five major championships out of the four per year it competes in, while it has been runner-up or a semifinalist some 15 times.

JOHN REGAN

Hemel Hempstead, England

Sir:

Having spent last year at the University of Leeds as an exchange student, I was swept up in the enthusiasm and great skill of English soccer. Even though Leeds United fell one game short of the all-time record for games played without a loss, it is truly an exciting and lovable team. Cheers, Tex Maule!

DANNY CHARNOFF

Flushing, N.Y.

KING RICHARD

Sir:

If a football team won the Super Bowl five times in 10 years, would you not devote many pages in many issues to that feat? Of course you would. Why, then, when Richard Petty won the Daytona 500 (or 450) this February for the fifth time in 10 years (he also won it in 1964, 1966, 1971 and 1973), was he afforded a mere paragraph in an otherwise superbly written article (*Garner of a Race at Richard's Place*, Feb. 25) centered around the many ways in which the gas shortage affected the Daytona race? Mr. Petty, a four-time Grand National champion, certainly deserves more—much more.

PAULA WILSON

Amuch, Calif.

Sir:

Sure, everyone knows about the energy crisis and that Daytona was no longer a 500 but a 450-mile race. The point is that the race itself was an extremely exciting one, with a hard-fought duel between Richard Petty and Donny Allison, and really deserved more space than the column and a half you gave it. Also, King Richard may have won again, but without the aid of Allison's freak blow-out during a yellow flag, you would have needed another title.

JOHN ALBERT

Ames, Iowa

ST. PETE'S MALONEY

Sir:

I enjoyed your story *Old Loon Full of Grown* (March 4), but your readers might like to know that this past year St. Petersburg's Three-Quarter Century Softball Club lost its

continued

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19TH HOLE

oldest player, John Maloney retired at the age of 96. He joined the Club when he was 75 and pitched in more than 800 games during his 21 years with the team.

Dave Hill

Amateur Softball Association
Oklahoma City

AKITA LOVERS

Sir

Surely my letter will be only one of many extolling the virtues of the Akita (*The Power of the Wolf at Westminster*, Feb. 25). Historically the Akita has chow, Kari and Tosa blood. Akitas were first used for hunting but soon became so valued for their loyalty, strength and courage that they became a national treasure. As time elapsed the Akita was used as a fighting dog. It was proclaimed a national monument by the Japanese government in 1931.

Unfortunately, the Akita is portrayed as a "timed bomb ready to explode." Only those not familiar with the breed would feel this way. The Akita is of even disposition, loyal, proud and wisely trained. It has been condemned for its devotion and hence loyalty to its owners. I feel the Akita is the most stately and magnificent dog in the canine world.

Neil F. Smathers, M.D.

Suffolk, Va.

Sir

I have been a happy owner of an Akita for the past 2 1/2 years. I am very unhappy that Robert Boyle makes it sound as though this gentle dog is a wolf ready to attack. I have learned through breeders that the Akita is gentle with children, obedient if well trained and also a good watchdog. It is a "bomb ready to explode" only if it is aggravated. My dog's grandfather was a prizefighter. At one of its competitions it was constantly aggravated by a dog in the next booth. It sat there calmly for the longest time, until it just couldn't take it any more. Then it attacked the dog and killed it. This proves that the Akita does have limited patience, but it can be controlled under cool conditions. I enjoy the breed very much and hope to get another one.

Jim Warkit

Farmington, N.Y.

Sir

Why you had to devote four pages to a dog show I'll never know. I found your article about as exciting as listening to radio replays of all offensive holding penalties on the 1966 Houston Oilers.

JOHN CARLSON

Middletown, R.I.

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The Madras.

(How to do what we couldn't.)

People who mean well are always advising us to mix Smirnoff with something it ought to mix with but doesn't. We've got a whole list of promising possibilities that always turn out yucky.

Cranberry juice used to be in the number one spot. Then an interested bystander combined it with orange juice and Smirnoff and invented a good drink called the Madras. We hope it was just beginner's luck. Because we'd hate to be shown up twice.



To make a Madras, pour 1½ ozs. Smirnoff, 3 ozs. of cranberry juice and 1½ ozs. of orange juice into a glass of ice and stir.

Smirnoff
leaves you breathless®



After going 212 m.p.h., he's
not about to smoke a boring
cigarette.



Viceroy has full-bodied flavor that doesn't flatten out.
Always rich...always smooth...always exciting.
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Viceroy.
Where excitement is now a taste.

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.